THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

COAL

An exposition, by a member of the U. S. Coal Commission, of its work and outstanding conclusions

Edward T. Devine

So-Called Gentle Reader!	*James Harvey Robinson*
"Papier Geld"	*Robert S. Lynd*
The Homes of the Free	*Rossa B. Cooley*
Irene and Nicholas	*Eleanor Rowland Wembridge*
Yes, We Have No Books	*Leon Whipple*
Readings in Mental Hygiene	*Bernard Glueck*
The Voice of the City	*Portrayed by Joseph Stella*

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Section One

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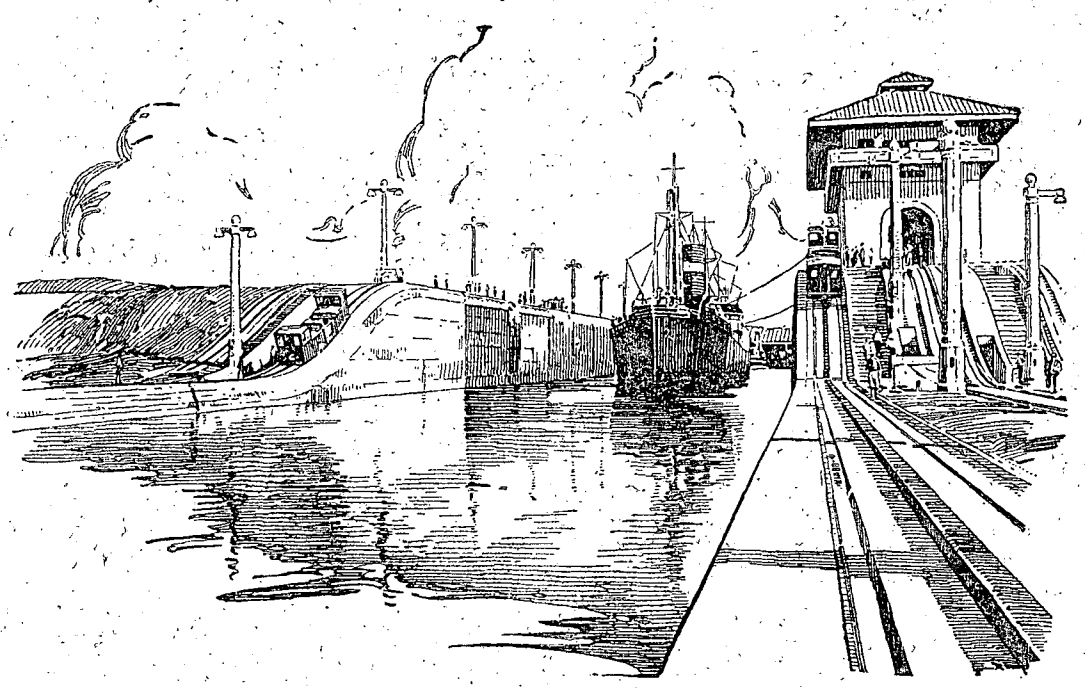

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A Glimpse Ahead

THE Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande region of New Mexico were converted to Roman Catholicism at the time of the Spanish Conquest. At Christmas, in two of the pueblos, San Felipe and Santo Domingo, the Indian dancers sweep into the candle lighted nave of the church to honor the Christ-child with gorgeous symbolic ceremonial, while the priest in his robes stands before the altar and blesses them.

In the December Survey Graphic, Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant will describe her night trip through the desert last Christmas to San Felipe and Santo Domingo and masses in the churches followed by Buffalo and War Dances. Night in a hospitable Pueblo house, breakfast with a Pueblo family, Christmas Day celebrated by Indian feasting and dancing—here is an unique American picture, which will be short-lived on our continent if Commissioner Burke succeeds in putting a final ban on the Pueblo ceremonies.

Henry Ford

is doing something on the River Rouge in the way of water power development which is uneconomic as yet—but it is fascinating.

Ford began in his boyhood with a waterwheel on the same stream. Today there is the tremendous River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor Company which has transferred a great chunk of Pittsburgh—blast furnaces, by-product ovens and the work that goes on with them—into the Detroit suburbs. Further up the river there is Ford's own home at Dearborn with Dam No. 1 and his pond stocked with fish. Above, the stream grows smaller and here and there on old mill sites, some of them unused for half a century, Henry Ford is putting up new dams, modern turbines and small factory buildings. He is transferring to them tiny departments from his great Highland Park plant.

The experiment is small as yet. It may fizzle out, a rich man's plaything. But it may be that Ford is working on a force that will break up cities and get people back into the country, an invention as far-reaching in its influence as the Ford car itself. It will be remembered that Ford "fooled" with a play car in his boyhood also.

And whatever else can be said about Ford, he clings to an idea until he has squeezed it dry.

An interview with Henry Ford on his River Rouge experiment will be just one of the features of the forthcoming special number of Survey Graphic on the White Revolution.

Leaves from a Psychologist's Dictionary

It was Sidney Smith who on a hot day offered the wish that he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones. The newer psychologists have exhibited us rather in our nerves; so much so that in the midst of all their jargon about complexes and introverts and the subconscious we come near forgetting that we have flesh and blood and the modern substitute for fig leaves. Mrs. Wembridge (p. 156) specialized in psychology in her university study and teaching and has applied it to her work as clinical psychologist with women who come under the Women's Protective Association of Cleveland. It is her happy gift to give us the life stories of girls in a few swift strokes as racy as their own slang—and presto, the sketch has set a problem of behavior more deftly against the modern knowledge of emotion and impulse than a thick scientific volume. More of these sketches will lighten The Survey the coming year.

The Humanizing of Knowledge

The conclusion of Professor Robinson's series of essays in this issue (p. 160) coincides with their publication in book form by George H. Doran & Co. The volume contains material which we have not used, the total text being about twice the length of the published essays. It is a small book but a potent one, highly charged with Professor Robinson's faculty of making his readers think—making them want to stretch their minds and their imaginations and bear a hand in that fine new order of citizenship which is on its way.

The Doran Company has brought out for us a Survey Associates edition of The Humanizing of Knowledge. It is exactly like the publisher's edition but it bears our imprint and the little Survey ship sailing gaily over the cover.

It will be sent postpaid in the United States by return mail for $1.50, or four copies will be sent postpaid to one or more addresses for $5.

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The Gist of It

GEO. WASHINGTON doubtless carried a surveyor's chain with him, made up of such links as we are employing on this page, when as a young surveyor he set out into the wilderness around the head waters of the Ohio. Gunther's chain with its hundred links was the common measuring instrument in homesteading and in laying out our early American communities. So there is symbolism in our border.

FEW authors run such a gauntlet of neighborly reviewers as the director of Penn School on St. Helena Island (p. 148). She sends word under date of October 3 of the reception accorded the first of her series which appeared in the October Graphic, "I read it all, word for word, to the Midders yesterday amid much bowings of heads and ejaculations of 'That's so,' 'It's the truth.' And they all seemed to like it. Saturday night I have all the Island workers in to read it to them—and they will be the real critics, for they are the young race."

MR. DEVINE'S association as editor and contributing editor of The Survey and its predecessors has extended over twenty-five years. There is scarcely a field of modern philanthropy which has not gained by his activity and his creative thought. For the past three years, aside from his Coal Commission work, he has turned from administrative tasks here and abroad to the lecture platform; speaking from coast to coast. Critiques of the Coal Commission's recommendations and further exhibits drawn from its store of findings are to appear in later issues. For the fuel problem will be up as never before this winter, from the coal bin to Congress, and Mr. Devine's article affords a broad approach to it.

IN that black chaos pictured by the daily news from Germany, the last month should have brought one ray of light. The Quakers are returning, backed by the newly organized American Committee for the Relief of German Children, which is appealing to all America to come to the aid of a despairing people. General Henry T. Allen, who commanded the American forces in the Ruhr and recently revisited Germany, heads the committee; Harvey D. Gibson is its treasurer. Money and supplies will be administered by members of the American Friends' Service Committee, through the central clearing house of German relief agencies which they organized when they withdrew more than a year ago. At last we are realizing in terms of human misery that fantastic and apparently unending fall of the mark. While sixteen millions of Germans are in desperate straits for food there can be no peace in the mind or business of the rest of the world. Mr. Lynd who writes of them (p. 138) is known to readers of The Survey for his challenging article a year ago on labor conditions in Elk Basin, based on a summer's experience in a Wyoming oil field which he spent under the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. Last summer he spent in Germany and his impressions are equally arresting.

FIFTEEN years ago Joseph Stella, then an art student, was engaged as an interpreter by the Pittsburgh Survey. As such he took part in the first inductive investigation made in this country of the problem of industrial accidents. We had no appropriation for art but we arranged that for three days each week he turn from visiting families of Italian workmen who had gone to their death at work and use his pencil and crayon in translating, in a freer sense, the meaning of life and labor in the steel district. Thereafter came his studies in France and Italy and his emergence as a distinctive figure in the field of modern art.

DECENTRALIZATION—the need for each community to shoulder and organize its own job for the children—was the note struck by Mr. Hoover as president of the American Child Health Association at its first annual meeting at Detroit in October. This was emphasized in the discussion that followed, and the argument carried a step further—that increased appropriations are not so fundamental for the improvement of child health as a sense of direct responsibility within the home and the home town. The program combined with the technical and professional work of doctors, dentists, nutritional and educational specialists, the point of view of the laity, and of parents particularly. It afforded the first demonstration of the organized strength of the consolidated organization of the field.

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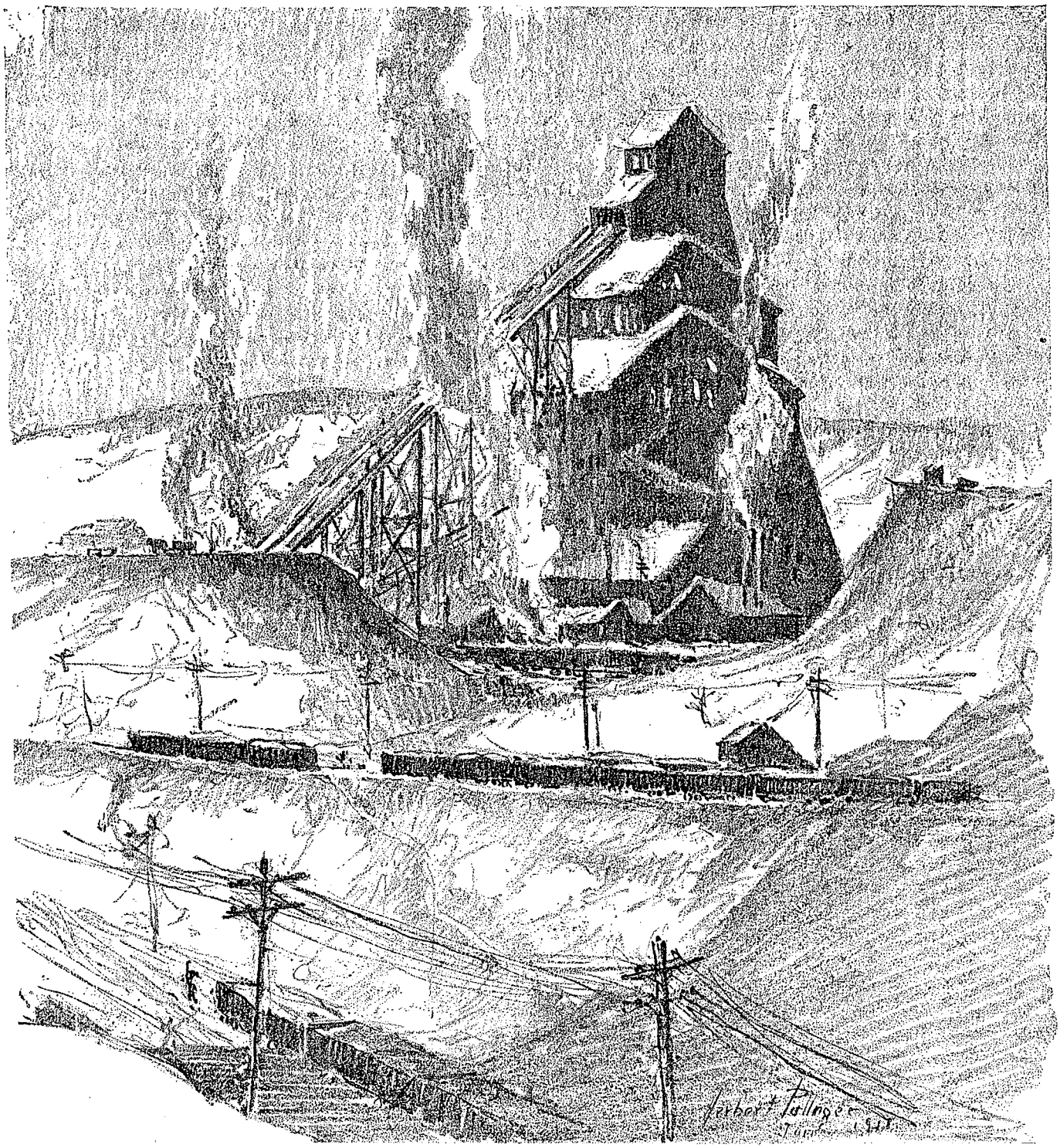

THE BREAKER

Drawing by Herbert Pullinger

Three more of Mr. Pullinger's penetrating sketches of the Pennsylvania collieries are published on following pages

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THE SURVEY

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NOVEMBER 1, 1923

Volume LI
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COAL

By EDWARD T. DEVINE

Here we have perhaps the first clear and comprehensive exposition, by a member of the United States Coal Commission, of its work and outstanding conclusions. The work was completed in September, the reports have been issued in brief through newspaper releases during recent weeks; the conclusions have been accepted by President Coolidge as the basis for the administration's program before Congress. Mr. Devine approached the task, which has engrossed the energies of the commissioners and a large staff of experts for an entire year, from the standpoint of a social worker and an economist. As a groundwork for discussion, such an exposition is invaluable.

UPWARDS of a million and a half dollars spent in an official investigation and a self-survey of a single industry, initiated, carried out and reported within eleven months—both in speed and in magnitude this appears to be a record which is unequalled among either official or private investigations in any field.

Coal is the first of the great basic industries to be studied in any country, as far as I am aware, on any such scale and under such favorable conditions. Unlike its predecessors, President Harding's "Fact-Finding" Coal Commission had no acute situation to handle, no strike to settle or prices to fix or priorities to determine. It was not created to discharge any administrative or judicial function. It was not to act as coal distributor or arbitrator in current disputes. Economics and engineering furnished its vocabulary and prescribed its methods. Politics, big sticks, and magic were tabu. It was to find out the facts and to make recommendations—the facts about the coal industry: production, transportation, distribution, and consumption; margins, profits, and earnings of operators, wholesalers, jobbers, and retailers; the daily and the annual earnings of mine workers and the conditions, social and sanitary, under which they live; the causes of friction and of strikes; the causes of high prices and wastes, and the means of preventing them; the reasons for the irregular operation of the bituminous mines, with the resulting uncertainty and irregularity of employment, giving the miner a short year in the aggregate, but distributed in such a way—two or three days a week—that the idle time cannot be utilized to advantage in other occupations. The commission was told not to overlook the special problems of the anthracite industry or those of the soft coal industry; those of the domestic consumer or of the industrial consumer; the problems of the industry—meaning by that all who are engaged in it, miners and their helpers, managers and investors, dealers and carriers—or those of the government in relation to the industry.

Two appropriations, one of $200,000 and another of $400,000, were placed by Congress at the disposal of the commission. This is not equivalent to one appropriation of $600,000, as the earlier plans had to be made and carried out on the assumption that the entire undertaking would have to be completed for the original sum. The Congress later accepted the commission's own estimate of the additional amount required, and of this an unexpended balance of something less than $20,000 will be returned to the treasury. This $600,000 however is less than half, probably less than one-third, of the total investment in fact-finding and interpretation applied within the year to the coal industry. We do not know what was spent by anthracite operators, local district associations of

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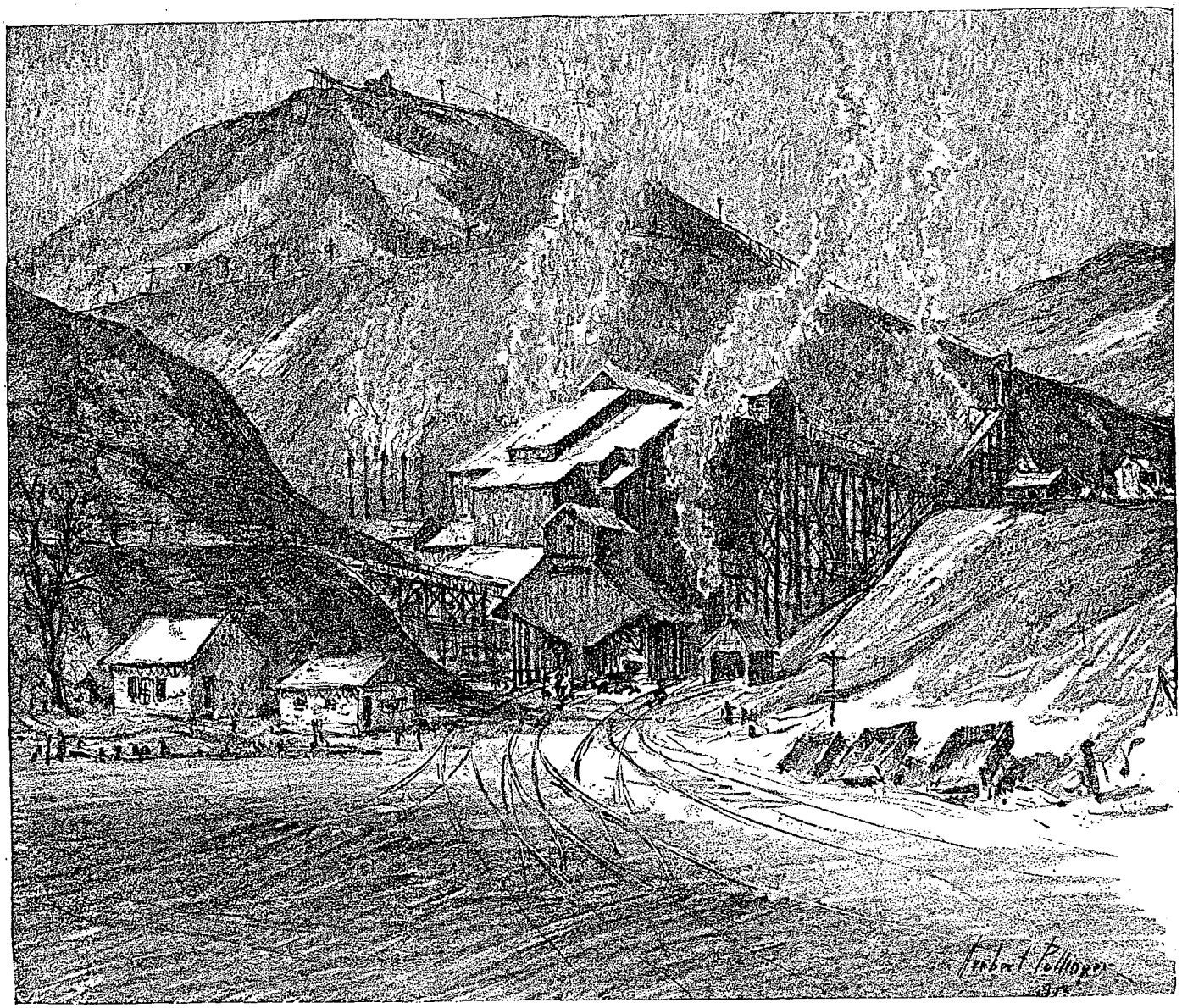

bituminous operators, wholesale and retail dealers, railroad executives, public utilities, and the United Mine Workers in answering the questions put to them by the commission, and in their own inquiries; but we do happen to know what the special national committee of the bituminous operators raised from the industry and spent in conducting a supplementary or parallel investigation of their own. For this purpose, and to prepare their case for submission to the commission and to the public, the committee engaged eminent counsel and a large force of experts. Evidently the public was largely in the mind of the operators, since some of the most elaborate and instructive of their numerous published reports appeared too late for any possible use by the commission, some of them after its final adjournment. In the early weeks of its existence this committee had promised to file a report of its own finances. On the last afternoon of the commission's official life a messenger appeared from them with the promised report. It was for one thousand more than a half million dollars. To this net total of a million and eighty-one thousand dollars enough would no doubt be added by the expenditures of other interested parties to bring the total to over a million and a half, of which the major portion was spent in self-survey and self-defense by the industry and by interests related to it, and only the minor part for the official investigation.

The *ex parte* evidence presented by the industry must not be undervalued. Much of it, taken by itself, would be misleading; but as evidence to be subjected to scrutiny, corroboration, and analysis, as supplementing and perhaps in some particulars correcting the work of the commission, it is well worth all that it cost. Even without the special incentive which was present in this instance, it would be money in the pockets of the investors and workers in any major industry to make a similarly searching study of their assets and liabilities. The next million and a half might well be spent jointly by the government and the farmers in finding out about agriculture. The government in fact is doing its share of this very well already. As the part which

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the operators and dealers spent must have come from the realized or the anticipated profits of the industry, the question is, What does the public get for the million or two thus spent in its interest?

It may be well to begin with the recommendations of the commission. Certainly there is among them no panacea. Profound originality, sensational "solutions," simple answers to the "problem" in words of one syllable, are conspicuously absent from the commission's reports. The commission recommends against government ownership, against price-fixing by the government, against the compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, against the compulsory unionization of non-union territory, against compulsory incorporation of the miners' union. It does not find a solution of the coal problem in the conversion of coal into electricity at the mines, however thrilling the prospects in that direction may be to the utopian dreamer, and however sensible it may be for some railroads and industries to move at once in the direction of the use of electric power so generated. Those who yearn for utter simplicity in matters essentially complex, or those who have already arrived at it and can tell you in a paragraph "all there is in the coal problem," will find the report timid or vague or futile and certainly disappointing, and will get no benefit or satisfaction from it.

Those who have reasons for discrediting the report or for diverting public attention from its recommendations have fallen into the way of saying that you can prove anything from it. Unfortunately for them this is not the case. You cannot prove from this report, for example, that the United Mine Workers under its present leadership and as organized in its locals is a consistently law-abiding and contract-keeping organization. You cannot prove that when it charges lawlessness against non-union operators and their mine guards the union itself comes with clean hands. They would like very much to prove this. What you can prove is that the

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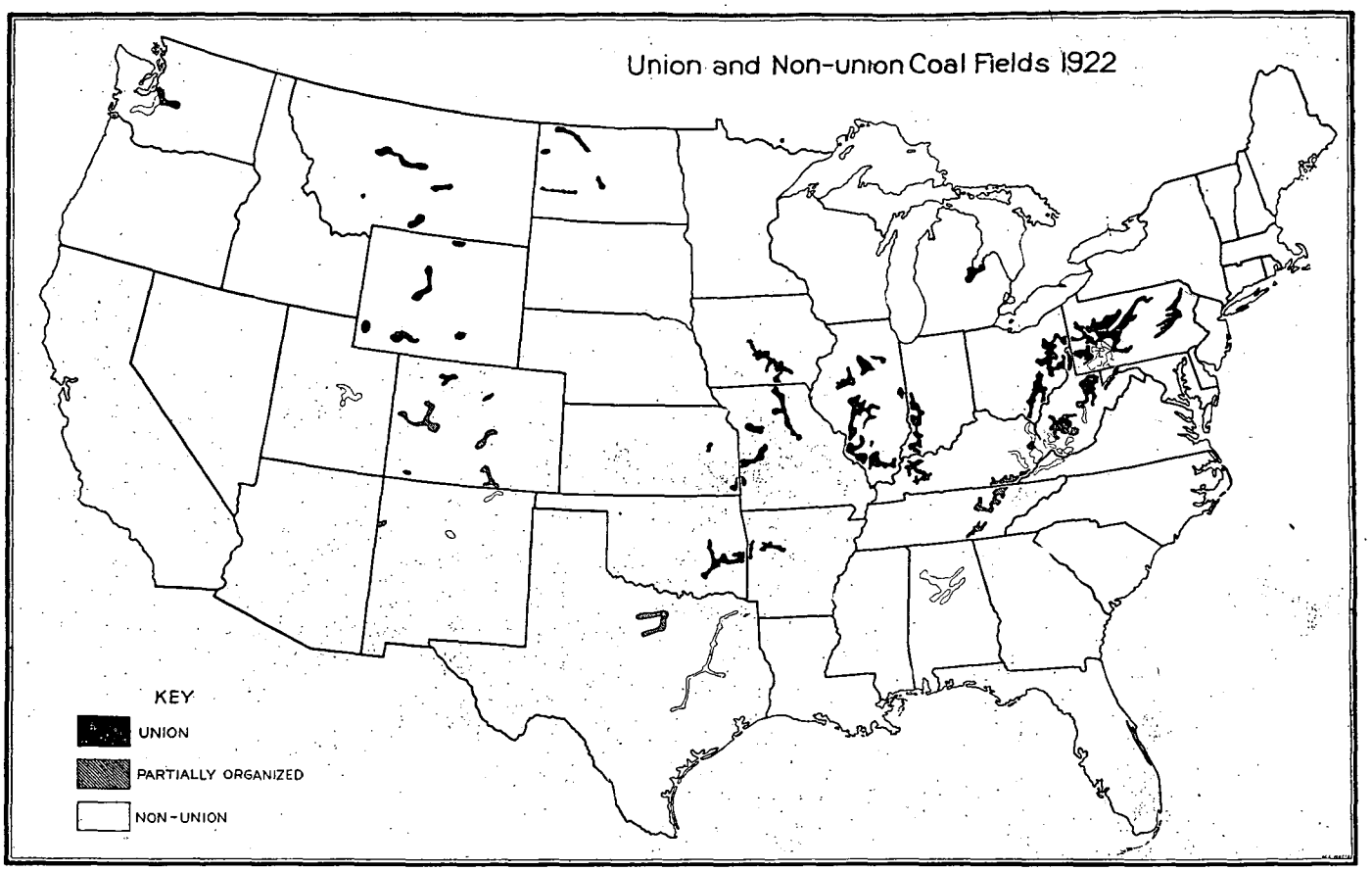

Classification of a particular district as between union and non-union is often difficult, since a district may have a wage contract one year and the next year have none The classification used in this map is based on the extent to which districts involved responded to the strike order of 1919 and 1922 and upon the number and location of union locals paying dues to the national organization for the fiscal year 1920. Districts in which the United Mine Workers have a considerable membership, but no contracts at present with the operators, have been classified as partially organized

operators' committee went too far in charging that the United Mine Workers has adopted and pursued a deliberate policy of unionizing the coal mines of the nation at any cost and by any means, lawful or unlawful, including murder, arson, and habitual resort to lesser forms of violence. The commission found no evidence of any such criminal intention; but it did find, and so reported, that the "button strikes" for example in the anthracite field are in violation of the contract, and that specific acts of lawlessness in both hard and soft coal fields could be laid at the door of union organizers and members. It would be simpler if fact-finding could be reduced to a jury formula of guilty or not guilty. It cannot. Facts are complex, and can be stated only with discrimination.

You cannot prove from the commission's report such bunk as the United Mine Workers have recently circulated in regard to the prevalence of revolutionary propaganda, and especially its belated and highly imaginative attempt to fix on communists responsibility for the cold-blooded massacres at Herrin.[1]

You cannot prove from the report that the union has favored the introduction of labor-saving machinery, thus reducing the cost of mining; or that it is in general a cooperative and efficient factor in the mining of coal. You can prove that it has been the potent agency in securing for the miner reasonable wages and hours, better working and living conditions, and that it is necessary as a means of maintaining these better conditions. Whether the union can remain an effective protection for the miner and at the same time contribute to safety, economy, and efficiency, has yet to be proved in action. Thus far it has been more successful on the belligerent side than on the constructive side.

There is reason to think that the union, so far from having to choose between them, could even increase its protective service to members by assuming more cooperative relations with management, thus also effecting a saving to consumers by increasing production and lessening costs. Within its own ranks there are those who are thinking about such possibilities—as a rule, to be sure, in connection

[1] The sickening facts are too well known and too recent for such a bare-faced attempt at deceiving the public to succeed. The voluminous and circumstantial series of exposures, purporting to be the results of an exhaustive investigation by the United Mine Workers, came to the eyes of a disillusioned and sceptical public,—without the sanction of the Coal Commission, although not without knowledge on the part of its members that it was available. When the union officials, who according to this recent statement of theirs know so well who committed the crimes for which there have been no convictions, and who have such a sympathetic population in Williamson County that there would be no difficulty in securing a jury ready to convict, have presented their evidence in the courts and secured convictions of the foreigners whom they now indict in the press, the public may be expected to take more interest in the rest of the series of what until then must be regarded as secret service fiction.

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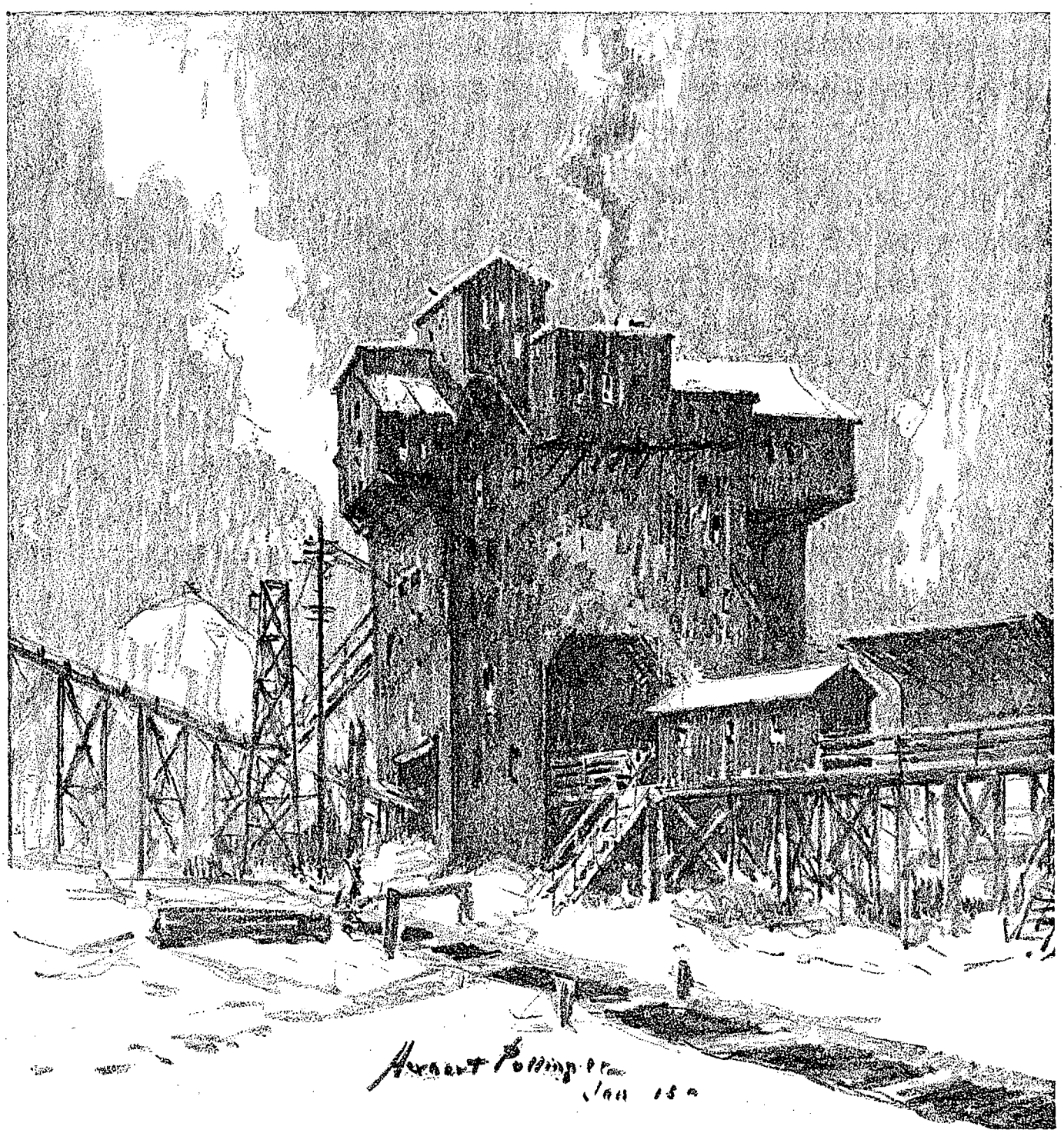
with some form of ultimate nationalization. But democratic cooperation between management and workers does not depend on government ownership. Whether that is the goal or not, there is need for increased participation of workers in management, and to this end open-minded and thorough study of such facts as the commission's report contains, and such as will be available currently if the commission's recommendations are adopted, is to be commended to the rank and file miners and their local officials.

The recommendations of the commission are precise, definite, logically derived from the facts, and in harmony with American constitutional procedure. I venture to say that, with one or two minor exceptions which do not in any instance affect either the negative or the affirmative recommendations, the commission reached its conclusions without the sacrifice of any final opinion or judgment by any member. It was not by trading or logrolling or persuasion or compromise that the commission arrived at its series of happily unanimous reports; but by keeping at each subject of controversy, each proposal on which there was originally difference of opinion, until a conclusion was reached with which each and every commissioner was satisfied, one that inevitably arose from or was fully substantiated by the



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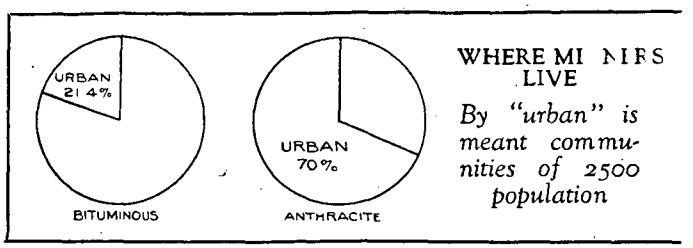
facts known to us and the weight of the arguments. The reports as to facts are mainly the work of our expert staff, thoroughly examined, revised, and in some instances rewritten, by the members of the commission. The recommendations are based on these facts.

It is recommended, first, that hereafter there shall be current, dependable publicity as to investments, costs, margins, and profits of operators, carriers, and wholesale and retail dealers; earnings of miners, both by the day or ton and by the year; quality and weight of coal shipped in inter-state commerce; in other words, that fact-finding and publicity shall become a permanent function of the government; that hereafter there shall be no secrecy in the coal industry.

Possibly it may occur to some tired radical that this suggestion has been made before; that the Nationalization Committee of the United Mine Workers, for example, before its repudiation by its national officers, had made a similar demand. What then? Is it a question of personal credit for an idea or of advancing the idea? Is it of no moment to those who believe in the idea that a conservatively constituted commission, created by authority of Congress and appointed by President Harding, should now recommend the adoption of this revolutionary principle, and this not as a result of a persuasive argument in a public hearing, but as a result of its own investigations and deliberations? Is it of no importance that it should be officially announced at the White House that President Coolidge will favorably recommend this and the other proposals of the Coal Commission to Congress; and that he will also do what he can—and he can do very much—to secure the carrying out of the measures recommended by the commission which do not depend on federal legislation? This particular recommendation, then, is not startlingly original, but it is startling that it seems likely to be carried into effect.

Except as to certain data now collected by existing bureaus, it is proposed that this new and responsible service shall be performed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The objection is obvious that this commission is already overburdened and is not getting on very well with the varied and onerous duties already imposed on it. This is true enough, but it is not a valid objection. The commission needs reorganization in the interest of its effective supervision of the railroads. Its strictly executive duties should be concentrated in one official, who might be the chairman or might be a director, with a longer term of service and responsible to the whole commission. The quasi-judicial and quasi-legislative duties alone should be discharged by the commission acting as a whole or through committees. With such a reorganization the new duties would not be unduly burdensome. The recommendation is that a special division shall be created to attend to the regulation and supervision of the coal industry. These duties would be mainly executive, but questions of policy and of a judicial character would naturally come before the whole commission.

The unanswerable argument in favor of placing the new responsibilities on the Interstate Commerce Commission, rather than on the Federal Trade Commission or on a new permanent Coal Commission, is that the principal leverage for any substantial improvement must come from the exercise of powers already conferred upon the Interstate Commerce Commission and necessary to the exercise of its general control over interstate commerce. The determination of freight rates and the regulation of the car service—including in this of course track, siding, and locomotive service—are the means by which the industry can be stabilized, a national policy carried into effect. Any other governmental agency would have to come to the Interstate Commerce Commission whenever it was a question of changing rates or of supplying or withholding car service. The decision as to the basis on which mine capacity is to be rated—whether as heretofore on production only, or also, as the commission suggests, on ability to market the product, the decision as to whether public convenience and necessity call for the opening of new mines, and other similar decisions

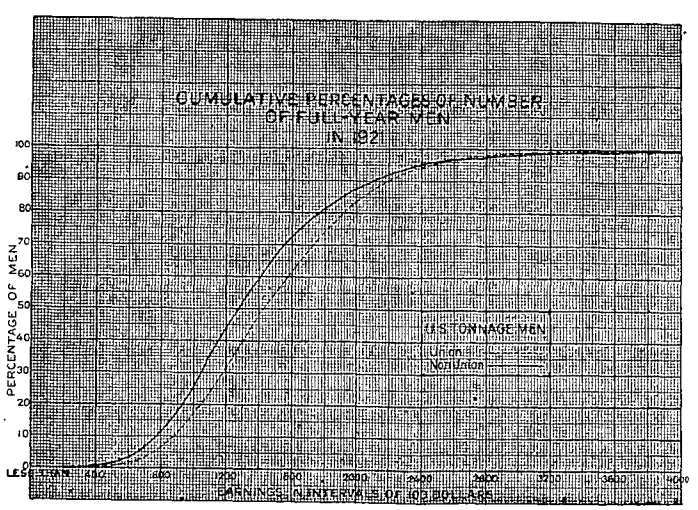


WHERE MINERS LIVE

By "urban" is meant communities of 2500 population

WHAT MINERS EARN

Earnings of union and non-union full-year tonnage men in the bituminous fields in 1921. By full-year men is meant those who began and ended the year in the same mine, and who drew pay at that mine on each of the 24 semi-monthly pay days of the year. It must not be inferred that they worked every day of each two-week period



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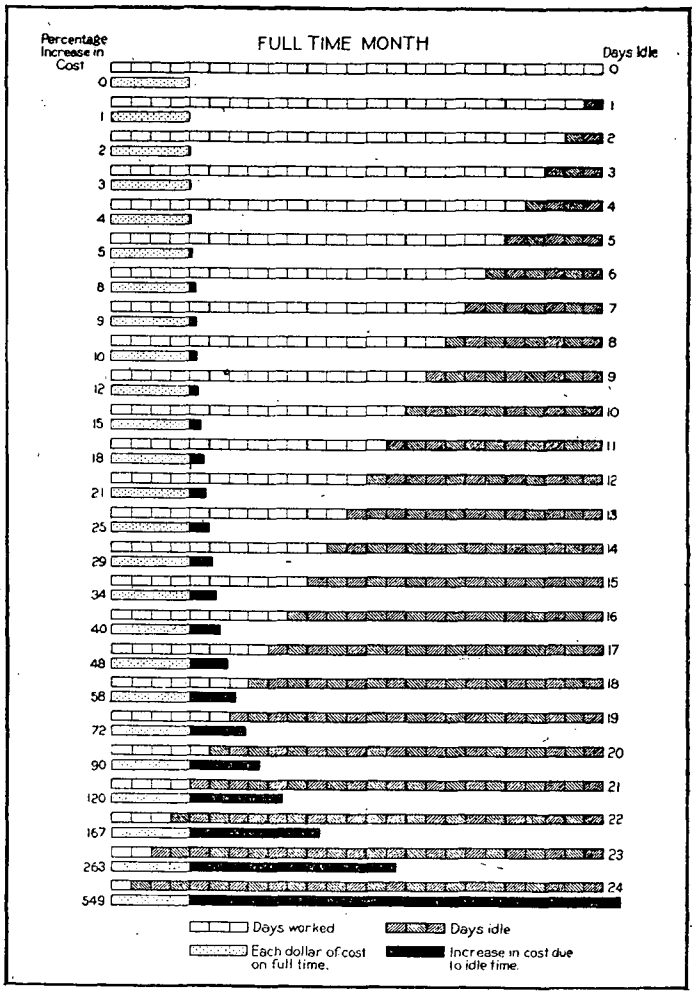
involved in the regulation of the industry, are only a modest and reasonable advance on the responsibilities already conferred by Congress on the Interstate Commerce Commission. They would represent a wide departure from any powers now exercised by any other agency of the federal government and probably could not wisely be placed in any existing department presided over by a cabinet officer. The Interstate Commerce Commission has its faults, but it is freer from ordinary political pressure than the head of an executive department, it has more independence and prestige than a subordinate bureau, and it has outgrown most of the limitations which hampered its usefulness in the earlier years of its activity.

A special division in the Interstate Commerce Commission can do everything which an independent coal commission could do and a great deal more. It can do everything that a bureau or a number of different bureaus in existing departments could do, and do it better. The commission was equally averse, as the report puts it, on the one hand to the unnecessary establishment of any new and unattached governmental agency, and on the other to leaving this very necessary governmental responsibility to a haphazard collaboration of existing bureaus, whether in any one department or in several departments; and it found in the Interstate Commerce Commission the logical and appropriate agency.

The regulation proposed does not end with publicity, which is only its essential beginning. It is to be carried out through a system of licenses, to be required of all operators and dealers who ship in interstate commerce. In two important respects the regulation will differ from that of the Fuel Administration in the war emergency. It will not go to the extent of price-fixing or arbitrary control of distribution through zoning; but where it does go, it will be a reality, not a gesture—a control, not a polite request or a threat. The analogy cited by the commission is that of the Federal Reserve system. That system is operated by the banks, under the supervision and control of the Federal Reserve Board. The analogy is not on all fours, but the central idea is the same: viz., to make the maximum use of the organizations which exist or which can be developed within the industry. This does not mean the minimum use of the powers of the federal government. It means their full use within their legitimate scope. It is not mild regulation that is proposed, but drastic and effective regulation. It is regulation, however, and not the sort of interference that would hamper initiative and enterprise. It is regulation which rests upon the engineering and commercial enterprise of management, upon the skill and self-respect of the miner. It is regulation which banks upon public knowledge and enlightened self-interest outside the industry, rather than upon bureaucratic control, and upon democratic and efficient integration within the industry. It is regulation through education by dependable publicity, with an appeal to normal motives, rather than through criminal prosecutions —though there would no doubt have to be some of those also. It is regulation which takes away no



WHAT IDLENESS COSTS

Cost of production is at the minimum when the mine is worked full time, that is 25 days per month. The stippled bar at the left represents a dollar of cost under such conditions. The loss of one day's operation increases the average cost one per cent; as indicated by the solid black addition to the stippled bar representing each dollar of cost. Similarly, if the mine loses 8 days out of 25 in the month, the average cost of production is increased 10 per cent. If 17 days are idle, the cost is nearly 50 per cent over the minimum. If but one day a week (or four in the month) is worked, the cost is more than doubled.

right which can be exercised consistently with the public interest. It does not force incorporation on the union, or compulsory arbitration. It does not by law force a particular union on an unwilling employer; but it assumes that with full knowledge of the facts on the part of the public, with the ordinary civil rights and liberties of citizens and aliens safeguarded, there will be a spontaneous

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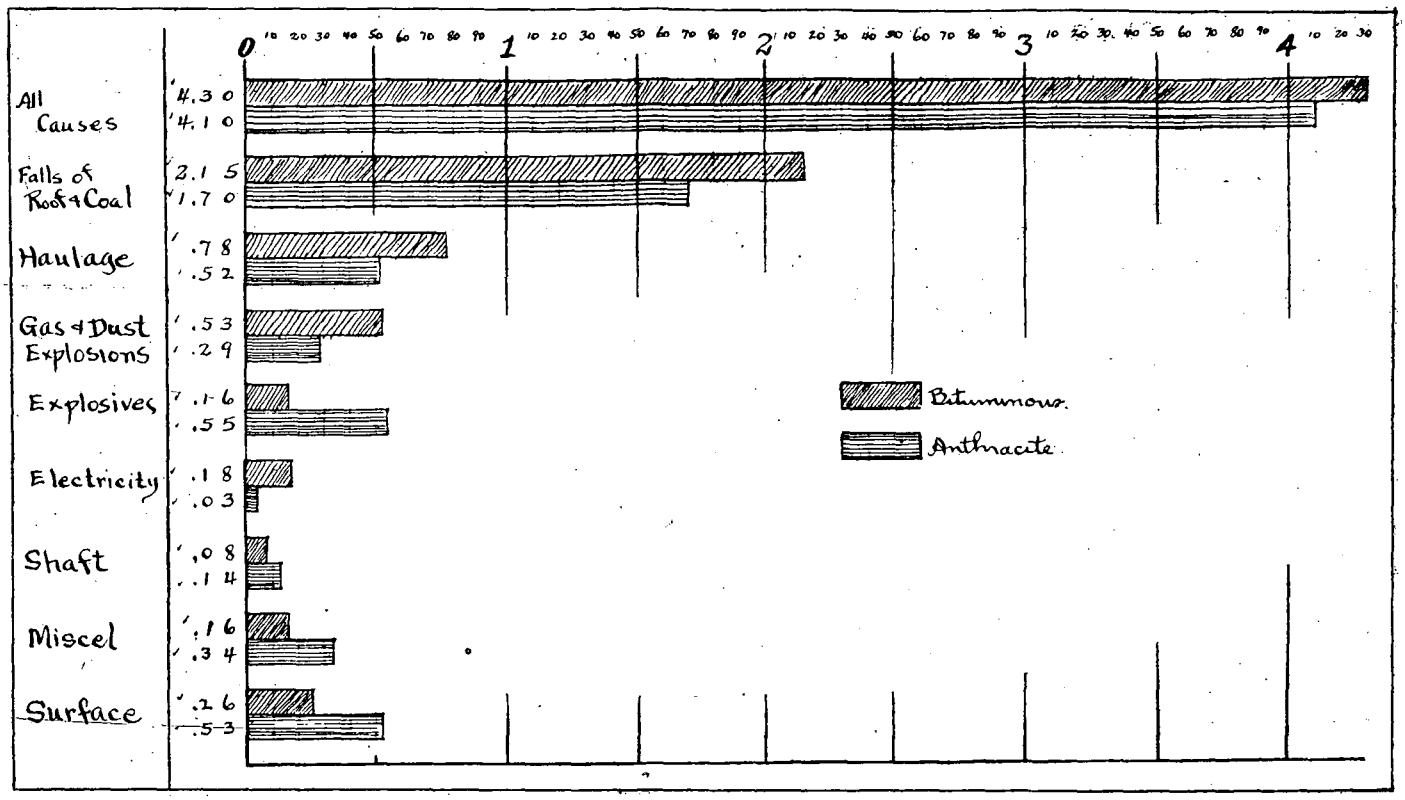

CAUSES OF MINE ACCIDENTS

The fatality rates from accidents in bituminous and anthracite mines, per 1,000 full-time workers, over a ten-year period, 1912-1921. It is interesting to note that explosions cause less than half as many deaths as falls of roof and coal

acceptance of the obligation to settle differences peaceably, to make agreements collectively whenever both parties desire it or either party is strong enough to insist on it.

The miner is left free to resort to a test of economic strength by lawful means. The commission carefully considered whether, in the light of its field investigation of strikes and friction, there should be any limitation of the ultimate right to strike; whether, for example, the public has a right to say by law that there shall be no concerted suspension on the expiration of an agreement if a new contract has not been signed. The question is not as simple as many assume. The view of the commission is that the contract itself, which is of course voluntary on both sides, should contain a clause to the effect that work shall be continued and that the agreement shall remain in force except as to any provisions which either side finds unsatisfactory, and that timely notice shall be given of a desire to change such provisions. It is suggested that if no agreement is reached in regard to points of difference the government, before the term of the contract ends, shall investigate and make public the facts bearing on the controversy. Investigation would not be difficult, if the recommendations of the commission are carried out. Ordinarily, in fact, it would be superfluous, for the facts would be already known. Voluntary arbitration under the agreement when necessary, which is what the commission recommends, is a very different thing from compulsory arbitration. If the public knew as much as those who are involved in the controversies know about the actual working of compulsory arbitration in the relatively few instances in which it has been applied, there would be more sympathy for the distrust with which it is regarded by organized labor. The "disinterested third party," the "representative of the public," is not perhaps absolutely an imaginary and fictitious person, but even when he exists he is not infallibly selected by the ordinary process of *ex officio* appointment. Both sides of a controversy on which so much depends—for the miner his very living, the standard of living of his family—have a right to look closely at the credentials of the impartial arbitrator. Voluntary arbitration of single disputed issues, by persons whose competence and real impartiality are fully established, is a reasonable policy. If the union refuses to accept this, the public will no doubt continue to think that it is just as well to keep the union out of New Mexico, Utah and Colorado, Alabama and such parts of Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Washington as are now unorganized or do not have agreements.

Speaking only for myself, I see no advantage to the public in the continuance of this non-union territory. I see no peril to the nation in the adoption of collective bargaining under voluntary agreement throughout the bituminous coal industry as we already have it throughout the anthracite industry,

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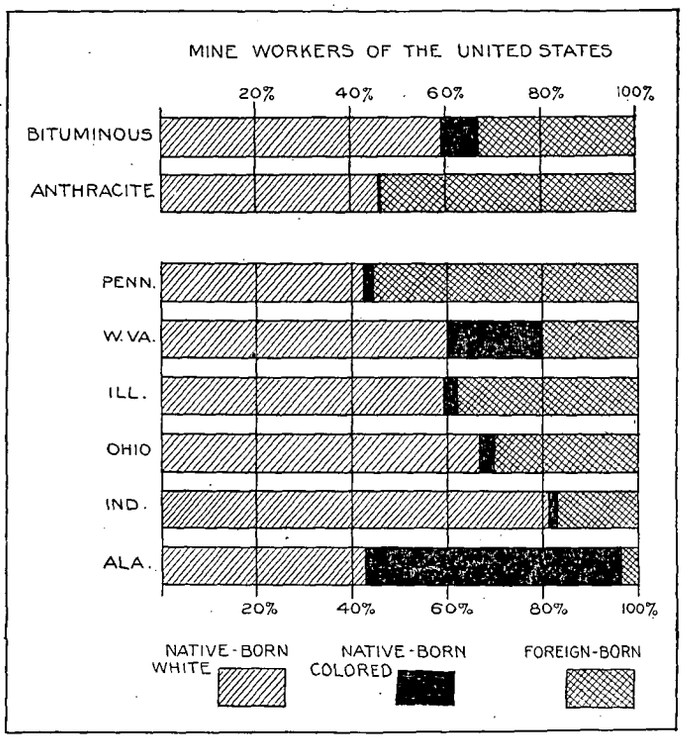
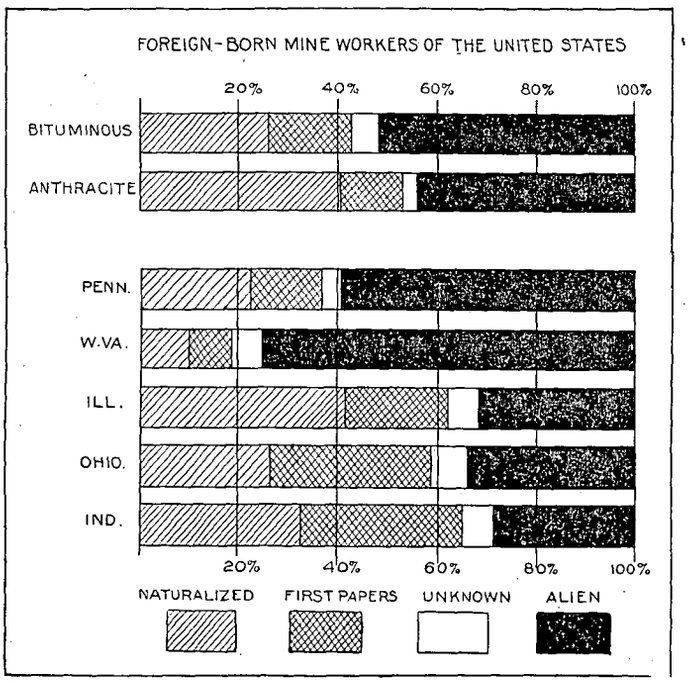
as England has it throughout the whole of her important coal industry, and as the American railroads have it throughout the nation in the Brotherhood agreements. The fact remains, however, that there is wide-spread apprehension that the unionization of all mines would imperil the nation's coal supply. There are many who think that the nation's industries were saved from complete paralysis and the domestic consumer from intolerable hardship in the summer of 1922 by the continued operation of the non-union mines. Personally I have not the slightest sympathy with this view, which appears to me very like the reliance on a flood of immigration, or on a fringe of hungry unemployed, to keep labor in order. Perhaps for the moment they do have that effect. Perhaps men will work harder and be more content with their wages, or at least smother their discontent, when they know that others are eager for their jobs. But these are not the equal ways of righteous and enlightened industrial order. Competition from an unorganized industry in which wages can be cut mercilessly, with no effective means of protest in the hands of the workers, is not the legitimate or reasonable protection from the excesses of organized labor. It may keep coal moving at a time when there is a suspension in the field covered by collective bargaining. It may keep the price of coal from soaring to the highest point. But it is an expensive means; and, as the commission's study of wage rates in the non-union field during recent years clearly shows, an intolerable means of accomplishing these purposes: intolerable, that is to say, to the non-union miners if they have any alternative, and intolerable to the disinterested fair-minded public as soon as they fully understand it.

I must here distinguish between the personal views just expressed and the carefully formulated declaration of the commission, in which I fully concur. Elsewhere the commission addresses itself to employers, but the language in which the union is urged in self-interest to do its share in preventing the disaster of a nation-wide strike may here be quoted:

> The history of the past 30 years affords conclusive evidence that the United Mine Workers of America has been the potent agency in the betterment of the miners' working and living conditions, and it is necessary today for the protection of the standards that have been attained. However, unless the union accepts in practice the principle that the public interest is superior to that of any monopolistic group, whether employers or employees, and gives satisfactory guarantees of a fair and orderly adjustment of controversies in other ways than by the exercise of economic force, the public will not view with sympathy the efforts of the union to extend itself over the whole field of the industry.

The commission has pronounced clearly in favor of the doctrine that the coal industry—which is the only one on which the commission had any right or duty to report—is a public function; that miners have a perfect right to organize, and that such means as have been used to prevent it in Logan County, West Virginia, and elsewhere are unlawful and indicate a break-down of local government; that there is no right of coercion (*Continued on page* 167)





ARE MINERS AMERICANS?

The chart above shows that the majority of miners in the United States are native-born. Except in the southern states the industry employs few Negroes; in all the anthracite mines there are only 46

At the left is a chart showing the progress toward Americanization among foreign-born miners — about half of them are either wholly or partly naturalized

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"Papier Geld"

Its Rate of Exchange in the Human Market

By ROBERT S. LYND

X. Y. Z.—Stinnes, Stresemann, Poincaré—dismemberment, revolution, reaction—these and a grim alphabet of other unknown factors confront the outside observer in Germany. But one thing is not unknown; it presses in on every sense and feeling. He watches the degradation (in the primitive meaning of that word) of the men and women of the middle class—forced down and further down by the double pressure of the French occupation and the manipulation of the German industrial group, by whatever causes recent or remote you may ascribe to their desperate plight. Mr. Lynd's article does not tell of a new situation; but he tells it in terms which are intimate and unescapable. It will stand as a footnote to whatever the cables bring us from Germany this winter.

I WENT into Germany to see what it is like to live in a country where one pays what was only the other day twenty-five thousand dollars to get a pair of shoes half-soled. Suppose yourself earning five thousand dollars a year: you have a pretty complete five thousand dollar-a-year psychology, including the set of values and habits that go with living in such a station in the economic scale. Then, almost overnight, this thing you call a dollar, the measuring stick by which you place yourself in so many of the relations to your world, ceases to be a measuring stick; money becomes merely an enormously slippery medium of exchange, a thing to be got rid of as fast as possible for anything tangible it will bring. A loaf of bread costs twice as much as a Ford car used to cost; to buy a spool of thread takes what used to be your entire five thousand salary; and the salary check you receive this month will be worth only half as much in actual purchasing power before the next monthly check arrives. Under such circumstances you would probably think yourself in a crazy world—and some such world there is in Germany at the present moment.*

One question is heard everywhere in Germany: *"Was kostet es?"* It is indicative of what is going on in the lives of this people cut loose from their old moorings and floundering in a welter of paper money. I sat in the drawing-room of a beautiful home in Beethovenstrasse in Munich. Behind me on the wall was a Paul Veronese and across the room a large canvas by Feuerbach. My hostess, a cultured Viennese lady, was apologizing for the bare floors: their home, she said, had not always been so. Before the war she and her invalid husband had had an income of 60,000 gold marks—then some 15,000 dollars in our money but now only sixty cents; in 1920 they had had to sell their Oriental rugs, twenty-two of them—"Ah, but they were *wunderschön.*" 165,000 marks they had got from the dealer. "And now," she concluded, "165,000 marks is but a dollar and a half in your money. Last month I saw one of my rugs—just one!—in the dealer's window marked 6,000,000 marks. When I wake at night and can't sleep for worrying about money matters, I ask myself over and over and over, 'Why did I not wait to sell my rugs!' "

Earlier in the day I had seen a gentleman get off the street car and walk when the conductor showed him a new notice that fares had gone up 100 per cent—to a sum equivalent to about two cents in our money. The day before I had visited with the Countess Karl Theodor her "middle-class kitchen" and watched the dignified figures in black, professors, music teachers, people of birth and breeding, most of them comfortably or even well off before the war, file soberly in to get a free dinner; in particular there had been the gaunt man who had entered and then gone out with profuse apologies: *to-morrow* was his day, he had forgotten, he was not to eat to-day.

Travelers returning from Germany exclaim over the shop windows crowded with goods and the absence of the more obvious signs of poverty. I met such a traveler my second evening in Germany at a table in *Unter den Linden* in Berlin, who found the whole nation, as he said, a "bunch of bluffers." He descanted at length upon the absence of poverty in Germany—and on the basis of my own first two days in Germany I was inclined to agree with him; there were certainly less beggars in evidence upon the streets of Berlin than in New York, the three best theaters had greeted me with *Ausverkauft*—"sold out"—signs for that evening's performance, and the throngs sauntering up and down *Unter den Linden* and filling the brightly lighted cafés to the sidewalk seemed to indicate anything but a people in the pinch of hunger and despair.

* The mark falls—or "the dollar rises," to use the naive German expression—so rapidly that it should be understood that, unless otherwise specified, the prices given by the writer are those of July 1, 1923, when the mark stood at 100,000 to the dollar. Since then the mark has leaped into the millions to the dollar, but aside from the natural elevation of prices and intensification of the general hardship the picture remains substantially as here represented.

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I wanted to find out a number of things: Who were these people filling the cafés and theatres to overflowing? Why did everybody seem to have money to spend? Where was the much advertised German need?—or was the whole thing really a "bluff," as my American acquaintance had insisted?

One of the first things one notices in Germany is the comparative scarcity of automobiles. Certain of the tourist centers like Berlin, Nuremberg and Munich have taxis—though a mere tithe of the fleets of taxis one finds in our great cities, and one multiplies the figures on the old dials by 6,000 in order to pay the current legal tariffs!—but private cars are scarce in the cities and a novelty on the country roads. Gasoline costs about 30,000 marks, double the daily wages of a day laborer.

"Who are the people who own the private cars here?" I asked a Berlin social worker.

"Schiebers," was his laconic reply—"profiteers." And Germany has not one but two crops of them: the *Kriegsgewinner* or war profiteers, and the *Revolutionsgewinner,* those who exploited the revolution that followed the war. A substantial portion of the throngs that fill cafés and theaters are these *schiebers*—manufacturers and middlemen who have scrambled to the top of the heap during the war and the unsettled times of the revolution.

In addition to the *schiebers,* a second element in the crowds one sees in the pleasure places of a cosmopolitan city like Berlin is the *Ausländer,* foreigners of all sorts, including Russian emigrés. I was told that owing to the influx of these *Ausländer* with money the number of wine restaurants in Berlin had doubled within the past year.

Two other factors serve to disguise the real state of affairs among the German people. The first is the ingrained self-respect of the people that makes them keep clean curtains at the windows even when their stomachs are empty. I watched the orderly "bread line" at the great municipal kitchen in Berlin. Almost without exception the pot or cup into which the noonday gruel was ladled was not flaunted openly through the streets but brought carefully disguised in paper or in an old satchel.

A final factor in the outward-seeming prosperity of the German people, a factor of subtle and incalculably widespread influence, involves the wholesale shift that is going on in the money morale of the rank and file of the entire nation: this thrifty, frugal people, to whom saving has been of the very essence of personal and national self-respect, is learning to throw all caution to the winds and spend—spend—spend. What would you do if the dollar you earned today would be worth only eighty cents next week, fifty cents in a month and a penny perhaps in a year owing to a rapidly depreciating currency? You would probably do precisely what the German is learning to do and turn your money into things as fast as you got hold of it.

But to the great mass of German people this process of converting marks into things is anything but an orgy of indiscriminate spending. The money goes fast enough, but for what? The Quakers in Berlin listed the prices of certain of the commoner commodities as follows in March of this year when the mark stood at only 22,000 to the dollar, the 1913 price in marks being taken as 1:

Rye bread	1,507 (i. e. 1,507 times the 1913 price)
Milk	3,265
Margarine	3,790
Beef	3,969
Pork	4,648
Potatoes	1,318
Sugar	3,667
Butter	5,424

Such a situation naturally has few terrors for the farmer, whose hens continue to lay and whose cows yield milk irrespective of the tumbling mark, but for the great middle class of salaried Germans such a state of affairs can mean only one thing, and it is among these people that one observes the appalling middle-class suffering of Germany. The salaries of clerks, stenographers, teachers and similar workers have of course risen—fabulously according to the old standards—but not so fast as the mark has gone down.

EARLY in my stay the Quakers in Berlin loaned a member of their staff to guide me to some of the soup kitchens and other post-war welfare projects in the city. I called Fraulein S—'s attention to the people one sees everywhere on the streets of Berlin eating as they walk, remarking that these people who seem to be forever eating do not strike one as poverty-stricken. "It is their lunch," was Fraulein S—'s surprised reply. "Should you like to see my lunch?" And she produced from her satchel before my embarrassed eyes two meager slices of unbuttered black bread. "And your breakfast?" I ventured after a moment. "Barley coffee and more black bread," she rejoined. While *Ausländer* can always have butter at the larger hotels—at a price—a careful round of the Saturday morning market at Nuremberg disclosed not a pound of real butter.

Under the tremendous pressure which such an economic situation represents, demoralization is inevitable. Germany has been a nation without slums in the sense of New York's lower East Side or London's East End, but the housing shortage is so acute that there is gross overcrowding everywhere in urban Germany. New building lagged far behind during the war, and a small house that cost 6,125 marks in 1914 costs (February 1923) 25,200,000 marks—a discouraging investment in the face of the low rents allowed by the state. In Berlin alone the Quakers report 1,139 families as living at present in cellars. In the city of Jena, according to the same authorities, in 1922, out of

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5,547 schoolchildren 3,041 had no bed of their own. In Frankfurt-am-Main 36 per cent of those known to be infected with tuberculosis sleep in the same bed with one or more other people. By October 1, 1922, the deaths from tuberculosis in forty-six principal cities of Germany had passed the total for the entire twelve months preceding, while in the first three months of the current year the deaths were already 16 per cent over the figures for the corresponding period even of 1922.

The sharp increase of 18.3 per cent in deaths from pneumonia and similar ailments in the first quarter of 1923 as compared with 1922 is attributed to the unprecedented fuel shortage. All Germany is living under the shadow of the yet more serious shortage anticipated for the coming winter. As early as June of this year one saw everywhere on Sunday laborers, clerks, and other middle-class people returning from the outskirts of cities like Berlin with staggering bundles of fagots with which they planned to fight the cold six months distant.

THE demoralization of the German standard of child welfare is startlingly apparent. According to the Quakers, again, the careful medical examination of school children all over Germany revealed that in May of this year 50 per cent of all children were undernourished. In the public schools of Berlin half of the pupils last winter had "no underwear to speak of"; furthermore, of 650 average children, 305 had no shirt, 142 no coat or cloak and 161 no shoes. In 24 Thuringian communities 61 per cent of the children between 3 and 14 had only one dress or suit and 72 per cent only one pair of shoes. Even more significant are the following totals of convicted juvenile offenders in Berlin issued by the Berlin Jugendsgerichtshilfe:

1914	1,131
1921	3,752
1922	4,249
1923—*first 5 months only*	3,928

"How do you know these people are really suffering from poverty?" I asked the head of a Berlin social settlement.

"Because," he replied, "last night I nearly broke my neck falling into a manhole in the street from which somebody had stolen the iron lid to break it up and sell it as scrap iron, and last week they stole the iron steps to our settlement and the other day the metal gutter-piping off the roof. That is a new kind of thing for our people to do. Their need must be very great."

Those able to take a long look ahead out of the urgencies of the immediate situation in Germany are watching with apprehension the threatened throttling of her university tradition. "The saddest part of this whole terrible aftermath of war," remarked a professor in the University of Berlin to me, "is that our German youth are having to learn not to try to get a university education." Before me as I write is the latest appeal for funds from the Quakers who are doing such magnificent work in the German universities; the letter closes quite simply with the words, "In Germany today it is a capital offence to try to live by brains or culture. The punishment is death—by slow starvation." According to the ably conducted student help department in the University of Munich, economic statistics carefully gathered during the summer term of 1922 show that out of 11,800 students of the university, the Technical High School, the Commercial High School, and the Academy of Fine Arts, 51 per cent had a monthly income of less than the existence minimum, which in May 1922 was estimated at 100,000 marks. "Today," continues the report, "in the end of June 1923, the existence minimum is more than 285,000 marks and the percentage of those students who have a smaller income is far greater." It should be borne in mind that the number of those whose income is yet above the existence minimum is swelled by the increasing number of foreign students who are flocking to Germany because of the favorable exchange.

Sixty per cent of the 120,000 higher students in Germany are said to earn their own living, or the major part of it, many of them at hard manual labor. Here again it should be remembered that a substantial portion of the remaining 40 per cent are foreigners. It is difficult for an outsider to realize just what is going on beneath the surface. In both Munich and Berlin I visited the student relief headquarters and ate the regular noon meal with the students; at the great Technische Hochschule in Berlin I sat with the English Quaker manager and watched the elaborate machinery by which they are forced by shortage of funds to select only the most needy cases for the noon feeding at reduced rates. I remarked to this English university man that the students before us did not seem especially emaciated and that though rather poorly dressed most of them seemed able to afford clean collars. "That's the German of them," he replied. "They won't let you see the misery that goes on under the surface." He went on to tell me of a recent careful examination of 1,528 similar students in Dresden whose average weight was found to be ten per cent under the prewar average for men of twenty-one. For most of the men before us, the plain noon meal they were eating was their chief meal for the day and followed a breakfast of acorn coffee and black bread.

It is impossible to calculate the net loss to a world which so sadly needs more and better brains of a whole generation of university students in a land like Germany starting life ill-trained and scarred forever by lessened vitality, rheumatism, tuberculosis and the other allies of slow starvation.

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But if one turns in despair from the spectacle of the youth of Germany what shall one say of the old people. Everywhere one meets the tragedy of the old couples who had saved twenty, thirty, forty thousand marks, the interest on which was a modest competence for their declining years before the war but not enough now to buy a single loaf of black bread. In Berlin alone, according to the Quakers, there are 12,000 entirely helpless people over 70 years old; the only aid these people receive is a public dole amounting to about 60 cents a month in our money, less than one-third of the estimated subsistence minimum for a single person. It is much more difficult than formerly for married children to keep their aged parents in their homes: the plight of a man with even a small family is seen to be critical when we realize that the estimated weekly cost of the upkeep of a single child, according to the Quakers' figures based upon the cheapest institutional costs, is 82 cents, as over against a weekly salary by the head of the family, provided he is a skilled worker, of about two dollars, and costs for a confinement for his wife aggregating two whole months' wages; the cost of even the present scanty allowance of milk for three children is estimated by the Municipal Child Welfare Department in Munich as twenty to thirty per cent of the income of a laborer or clerk. Old age homes have not only reached their capacity limits but some of them have had to close because of the inadequacy of pre-war endowments. Old people everywhere are hungry. Suicides among old people are at the highest rate ever known in Germany. Oberinspektor Haimer in the Rathaus in Munich told me that the inmates of one of the old people's homes had recently petitioned that they be given the means with which to commit suicide rather than suffer the tortures of slow starvation or consume further food needed by German children.

Private charity is doing what little it can, as in the case of the free kitchen for a hundred or so of these aged and middle-class people opened in one section of Munich by the Countess Karl Theodor. These self-respecting German folk come with great reluctance to accept charity: the Countess Karl Theodor said that when her free kitchen was first opened the first who came looked neither to left nor right as they ate in embarrassed silence.

Such partially endowed institutions as hospitals are many of them in desperate straits. I picked up the soap in the operating room of Dr. Hauner's Kinderspital in Munich and exclaimed at its not being antiseptic soap; the surgeon who accompanied me explained that the cheapest grade of kitchen soap was all they could afford to buy even for the operating room. One surgical sponge, he explained, costs now what was fifty dollars in terms of their endowment and a single operating table what was a million and a quarter dollars. He picked up a piece of bed-linen from one of the children's cots and it tore like tissue paper: in every hospital and children's home which I visited there was the same situation—no money to replace worn-out bedding. In the Virchow Hospital in Berlin nine washes are said to be necessary daily in order to keep the bed linen rotating rapidly enough to supply the need. Even more serious is the shortage of such necessities as iodine and ether.

The present monthly budget of one of the children's homes in Berlin housing three hundred and fifty children is approximately double the yearly budget for 1922. Confronted by conditions of this sort and with the sources of further endowment largely dried up, it is small wonder that since the war 15 per cent of the day homes for working women's children and 40 per cent of the children's homes in Germany are reported to have been forced to suspend. In the Jugendherberge Kinderschule in Munich, a wooden army barracks recently opened on a semi-private basis with help from the Quakers to take care of street waifs until they can be placed out in private homes, the good-natured matron explained that she had slept on the floor for three months because there was not money enough to buy a bed, while she had been trying for five months to get three needed straw mattresses for children's beds costing each about seventy cents in our money! Only the generosity of an American contribution of eighty-five dollars saved the seven day-homes for the children of working mothers in Munich from having to close this July.

At the Klara Anstalt, a typical combination day school and home for poor children, the matron apologized profusely for the absence of soap on the children's washstands; formerly every child had had his own cake, but now there was only enough for one bath a week per child. As I left she said simply, "Things get worse daily. We don't see any hope ahead, but we just do what we can every day."

PERHAPS her words sum up my impression of the German state of mind as I saw it in the weeks I went up and down the country this summer—though generalizations by an outsider upon the state of mind of an entire people are particularly perilous. Germany seems a blind giant wandering baffled in a strange land. Everywhere there is a frank acknowledgment of Germany's share in the responsibility for the war. Everywhere the war and all its works are regarded as a tragic blunder. "Does Germany want the Kaiser back?" I asked. *"Nein,"* was the emphatic reply, *"so dumm sind wir nicht!"* The sobriety of the people and pre-war organization have partially held the country together through the financial chaos of this year. But no one attempts to predict any hope in sight.

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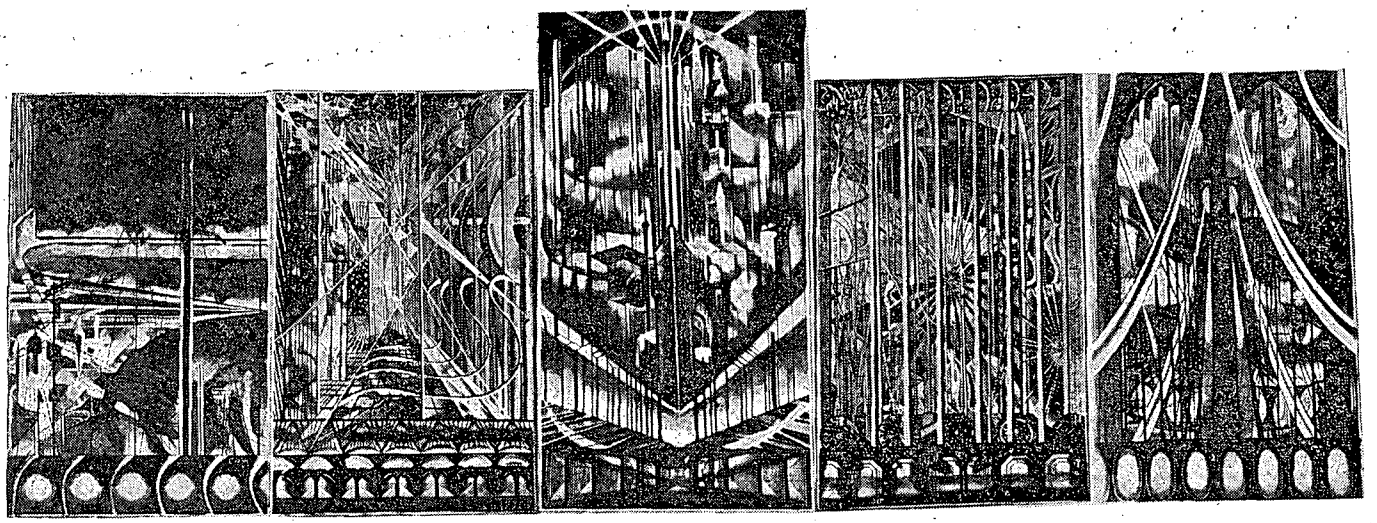

Courtesy of Société Anonyme

The Voice of the City

FIVE PAINTINGS BY JOSEPH STELLA

To Joseph Stella New York is the casting mold of our modern civilization. It encases every element and energy at work within us and around us. This composite panel of five paintings, shown in detail on the following pages, is his attempt to interpret it.

"The central panel is an interpretation of the city's colossal skyscrapers blended together in a symphony of lights in the shape of a hugh vessel's prow."

Brooklyn Bridge endeavors "to make an abstract representation of that engineering epic in steel, a sinewed span of human energy."

In Broadway and in The Great White Way Leaving The Subway Stella sets out to catch the sensation produced by the glare and dazzling brilliancy of the theatrical district's electrical display thrust suddenly upon the artist's vision as he comes up from the subway.

Of The Battery, Stella says, "you have reached the harbor—you are standing where all the arteries of this great giant meet—and a quiet sea and sky overwhelm you—you have left the noise and glare of Broadway—you have left the prow of the boat—the ruthlessness which cut through you—all the hardness and brilliancy fade away in the stillness of night."

Joseph Stella is an Italian who received his art education in the academic schools of Rome. He was first known by his drawings and paintings of immigrants—of the simple people about him. Later he joined the Italian Futurists and has gradually been developing a proficiency, a technique and an originality of his own. New York City's giant industries, her hurrying impetuous throngs, her powerful steel girders imbedded in solid rock, her hidden subterranean tunnels, her wonderful shining lights—all these have indelibly imprinted themselves in his soul; and it has not seemed possible for him to interpret these sensations of cold, hard, metallic brilliancy in any of the older forms of art.

These new energies demand new expressions and Stella in these abstract forms seems to be developing his own technique. He must say what has never been said before and like new wine it cannot be put in old bottles.

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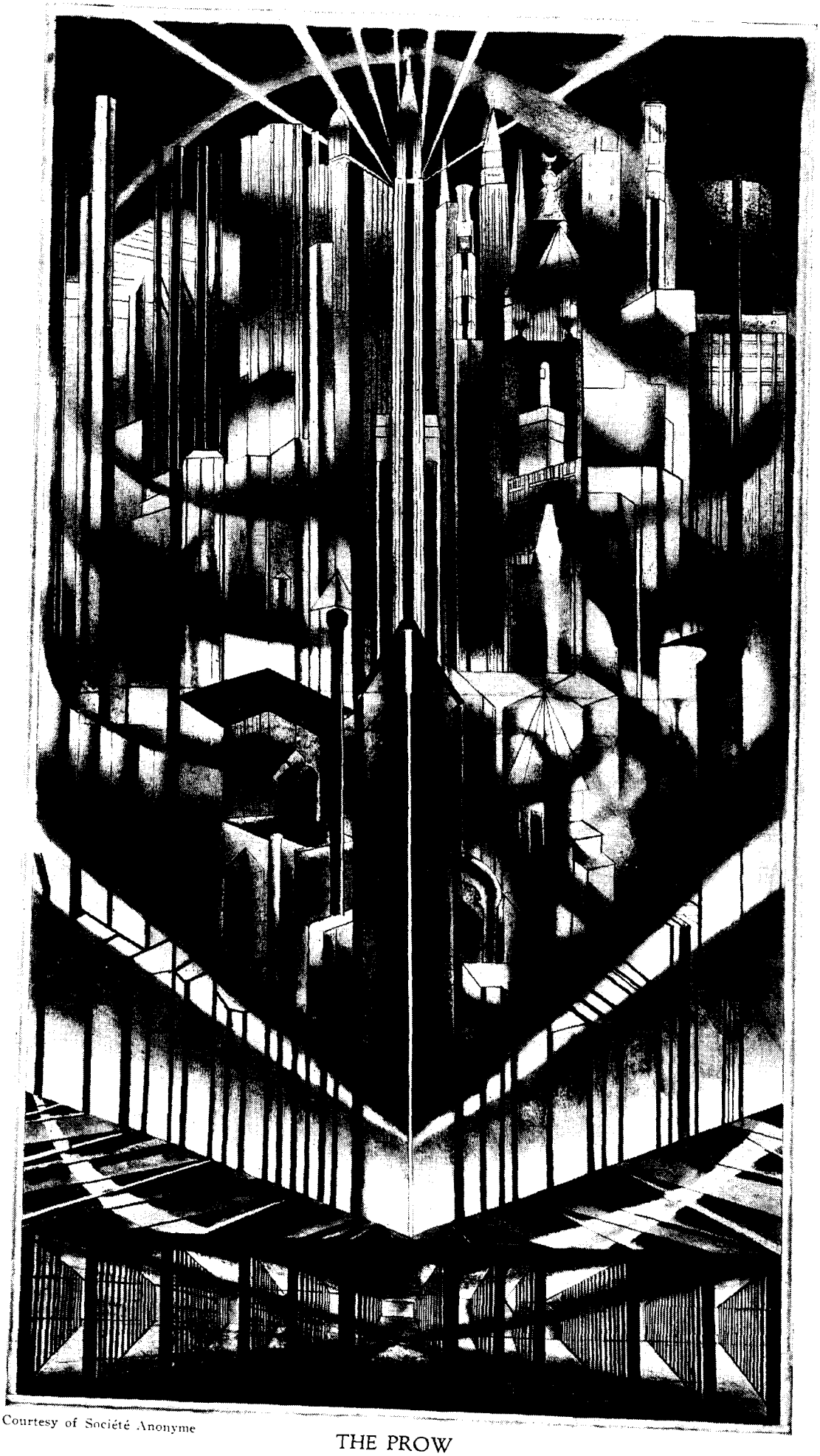

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THE PROW

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THE BATTERY

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BROOKLYN BRIDGE

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THE GREAT WHITE WAY LEAVING THE SUBWAY

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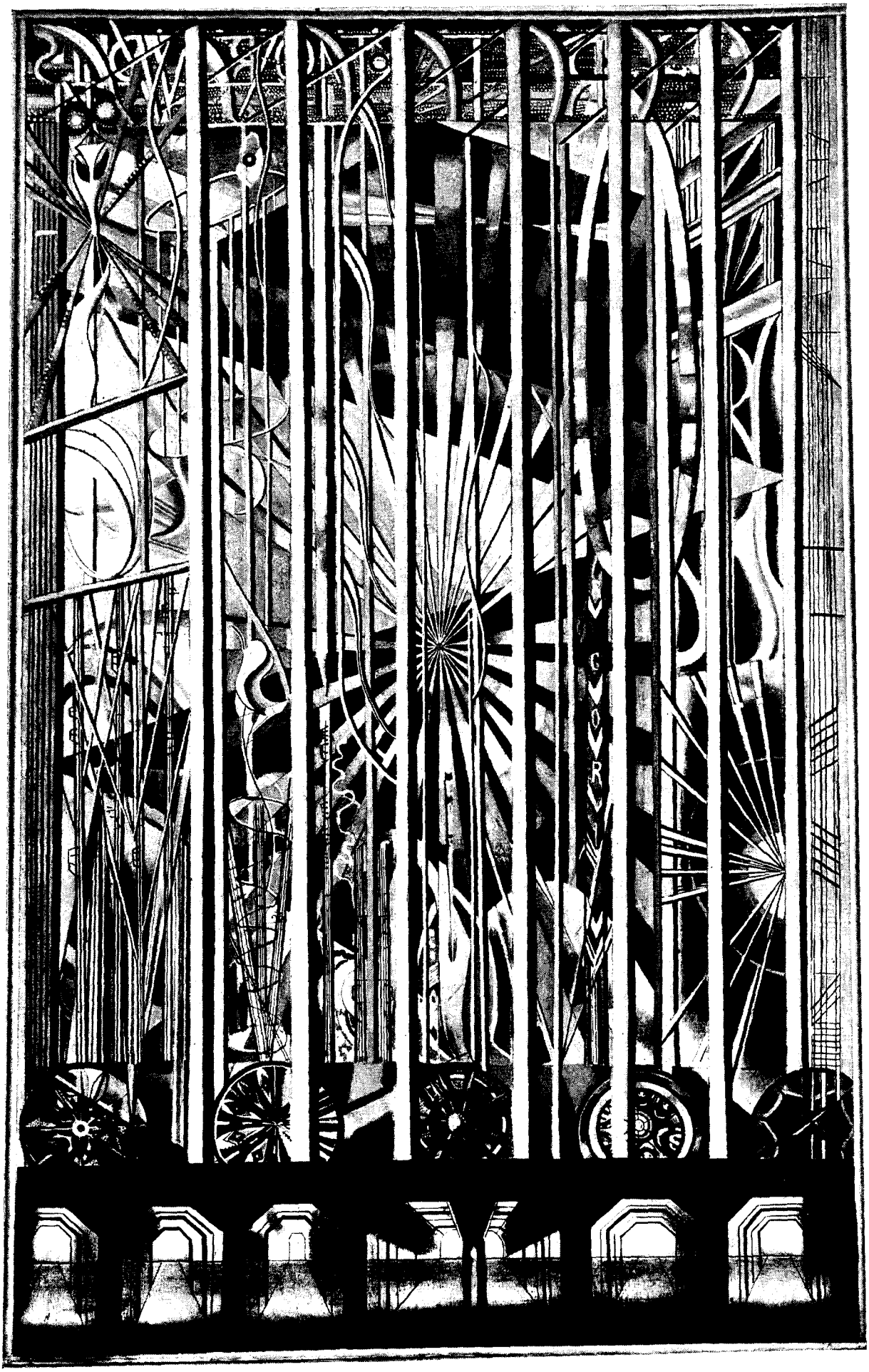

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BROADWAY

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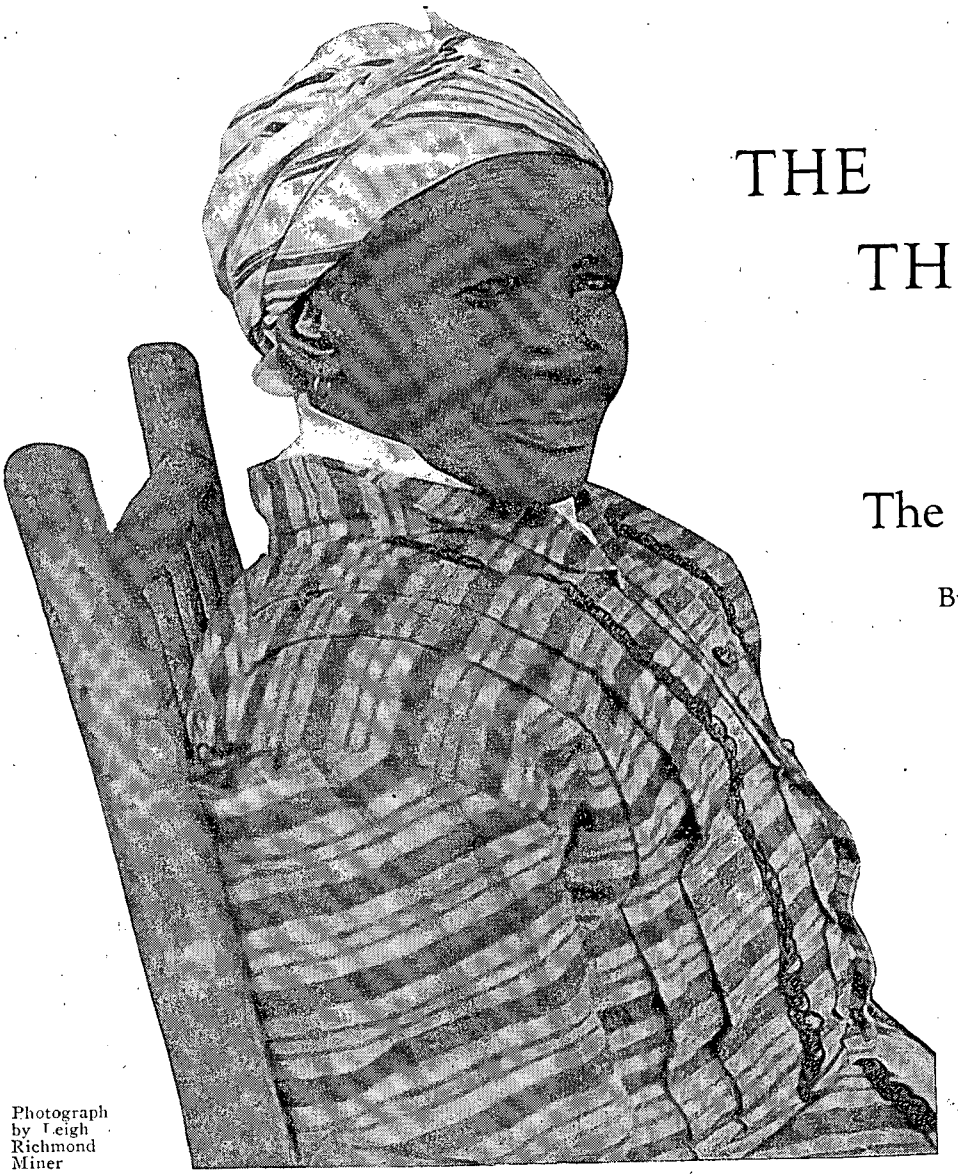

Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

THE HOMES OF THE FREE

II.

The Bandage of Love

By ROSSA B. COOLEY

A series of consuming interest to every one concerned in rural education as well as to those who would understand all that lies behind and ahead of what we call our race problem. Miss Cooley has been for nineteen years head of Penn School, South Carolina, the oldest school for Negroes in the South

WE were driving behind Jubilee and Come-Again along a road which was bordered by a thick cassina hedge. We call it Christmas berry down here on the Carolina Sea Islands for its bright red berries come at Christmas time. Its sparkling green leaves, the occasional gold-gleaming cluster of jessamine, the red cardinal or brown thrasher adding color and song, always bring to mind the old spiritual we often sing,

I look all around me
It look so shine
I ask de Lord
If all were mine.
Yes, ebery time I feels de sperit
Movin' in my heart
I will pray.

Suddenly, through a break in the hedge we had our first sight of Aunt Adelaide. She poised a large basket on her head, her skirts were above her ankles, tied below the hips by a stout cord. "And why the cord, Aunt Adelaide?"

"Dat's what gibs me strength," she answers, and whatever the reason, it is a custom that has come down from the long-long-ago. She held a pipe tightly in her teeth, and carried the heavy Island hoe on one shoulder.

All day, since "dayclean," she had worked in her fields. In slavery days the hands often walked long distances from their cabins to their work, and today on our Island the people often cultivate fields that they have bought or have inherited far away from their homes. As Aunt Adelaide swung down the road, tall, straight, strong, we followed her to the little home surrounded by yuccas, where on the open hearth she would cook her simple evening meal.

The old women who have crept out from the shadow of slavery, whose mothers and grandmothers were brought from the tropical sunshine of an eastern continent, have kept the fire which Freedom lit with its torch glowing on their mud hearths. For it has been in their homes that they

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have guarded the embers of a smoldering liberty.

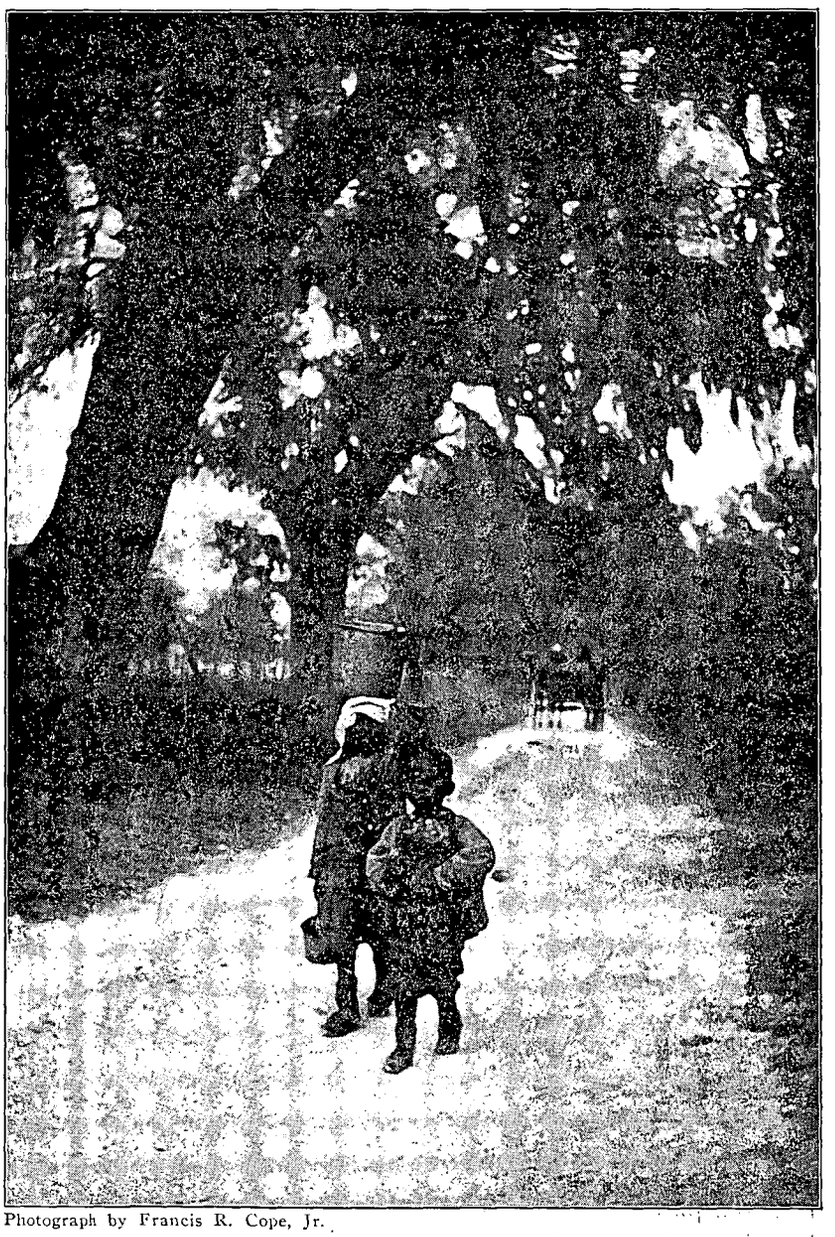
There is nothing like the open fireplace. As we travel over the Island toward nightfall, we see the firelight flash through the open doors. One door of the house is usually open until bedtime, and this fresh air is what saves poor people. Fresh air and sunshine are the compensation for many things they lack. Miss Towne, who founded Penn School on St. Helena in the 60's, has said the reason a door was left open in the old days was to guard against shutting out the Good Spirit, a fear that had been transported from Africa. Surely this is a tradition worth transplanting and worth preserving.

Today Aunt Adelaide is an old woman—nearly twenty years have passed since our first glimpse of her through the cassina hedge. She can no longer carry that heavy hoe and make good crop. Her story of growing old is the story of hundreds of men and women, white and black in rural communities. The children grew up—married. Their children came, crops grew poorer. The old mother received less and less as the days came on when she needed more and more. The house began to need repairs; no money, and so it began to settle; the sills rotted, and finally broke down altogether; the chimney fell. I rode Wonder to the door one day and found the old house propped up with great poles cut in the nearby wood, and Aunt Adelaide cooking her grits in a pot on a fire made on the floor in one corner of the room. "O yes," said she, "De smoke make me cry, and when de win' blow I scare and run out to de neighbor."

Penn School rode home that night very thoughtfully. Some months before the story of our school for Negro boys and girls had been told to a group of students at the Fermata School in Aiken, and the picture of those radiantly happy girls preparing to go home for Christmas holidays flashed before me. I knew they would want to help if they knew about the little old home and the little old woman going down together. And so back at my desk a letter caught our one-mail-a-day. The girls responded and a telegram came promising cash for brick and the lumber. The materials finally reached our shop, where the boys cut the boards to measure, and they were carted out to the plantation. Like a human picture puzzle, for these boards seemed to have a personality as gifts from that group of girls in Aiken, a new home was quickly pieced together, the little chimney was built, and once more Aunt Adelaide was established.

The story of this little house will go on through many years. Set on old palmetto logs, it does not belong to the land, but to the school, so when Aunt Adelaide dies it can be moved to some other acre where an old man or woman left stranded by the cruelty of old age can be made comfortable. It will be a movable Old Folks Home. Any of our old people would rather live as we found Aunt Adelaide than go to the Poor House. In fact there were not enough old people who would go to Beaufort County Poor House to warrant its being kept up, and it has been closed.

The women of the Negro race have had a heavy burden to bear. In the gallery of human struggle we should find place for pictures of the peasant woman tugging at the plow rope of the old serf



Photograph by Francis R. Cope, Jr.

No "mudderless" is allowed to want on the Island. Even the largest families strain their resources to include these "dopteds"

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lands of Europe, for the Indian woman carrying tepee and papoose, and for the Negro woman with the heavy cord tied round her hips to "give her strength," with her baby in her arms, and her bundle on her head.

As I sat by Aunt Adelaide's new fireplace in her little new house we talked over the old days. In the shadows I could see the background of the present. Under slavery her mother had been a "midder." Her master, Gabriel Capers, had sent her off to Charleston to learn "de trade." "My mammy ben eddicated, but I ain't hab none. Dat is I hab only six days of schoolin'." "And why?" I asked. "My parents gib me to an uncle and aunt and dey wuk me. I mus' tend cotton and clean yaa'd, 'n' all dem kin' a ting. But dey too rough, an' I leave dem an' run back to Capers. Den came Freedom an' I wuk fo' me one, an' I wuk ha'd an' I buy me own land. Den I marries. I marry stranger f'om Port Royal, but de odder women tek' him away f'om me, an' I lives alone. Yes, I de mudder of twelve born children, but I ain't raise but fo'."

"How could you support your children," I asked quietly, as the old woman paused and forgot everything in the memory of those eight babies that she couldn't raise. "I ben strong ooman. I wuk fo' meself wid me han'. I ben ma'sh-cuttin' ooman. I go in de ma'sh and cut and carry fo' myself. I glad fo' dis house," she added. "All de tings my mudder taught me to do to keep he'lt'y, I ain't able fo' do in dat old house." And I could see the old midwife of slavery days handing down to her children as well as to her patients some of the lessons she had learned "up dere in Charleston."

Many stories live on at St. Helena. The old people remember what their parents and grandparents told them and in their turn hand down the experiences of the race. By my fire, as I write at Ndulamo, stands an old man. "Twenty years old when Gun Shoot," he tells me. Oh yes'm, he can remember hearing about the landing of those "African people." His father's father came with them, and they were landed down there at Lonesome Hill. Many died, and many ran away, and "I spec dey ran back to Africa." The picture of that early home life comes clearly from Uncle Sam as he stands by the fire—a rugged old man, and still able to beat many a younger one at his work. He tells of the row of slave cabins, always calling it "de Street." "When de morning star shine, de driver blow he horn, and de wimmen mus' get up 'fore dat an' cook dey brekwus'." There we have it. Women first! "Den all go to de wood, pick up a stick, throw him in de yaa'd for fire at Bighouse. Den tek pail and go to de fiel' wid hoe in de hand. De oberseer gib tree tasks (¾ acre) to each one. When time for eat, we sit right down in de row and eat an' den back to wuk." "And what did you have for your breakfast?" I ask. "O, we has hominy, or flour an' oshtuh, or crab an' hominy. Such like as dat."

This was the primitive beginning. At least it had one value, that of team work, For the field was full of hands as well as of cotton, and now the great disaster to many a country home comes because of the isolation and loneliness of much of the field work.

Only the babies could interrupt the routine of the "Street" in cotton lands. With the arrival of a little one, the mother was excused from the field for a month, and then for three months more she was given a lighter task in the field. The old women on the plantations became the nurses, or Maumas. While the parents were off in the cotton rows they cooked the food in a big iron pot for all the children. An older brother or sister carried the nursing baby to the field, and the mother would sit down in the row. And "when de baby done suck, I carries him back to de Street."

These little baby tenders, and their mothers and grandmothers, were field hands. Some had lessons in sewing or cooking but as with other plantation crafts such as basket-making, carpentry, laundering, blacksmithing—only a picked few as boys or girls had the valuable industrial training of a well managed plantation. It is easy to see—as I shall bring out more fully in a later article—why work continued to mean slavery to them and even when Chloe might have been a wonderful cook or laundress, once Emancipation came, her one idea for Clarissa was an education that meant going to school and away from all drudgery, the chance to wear pretty clothes any day in the week, and as her utmost goal, the Latin or algebra offered by the early Negro schools in their zeal to prove the capacity of liberated blacks.

And with it all the women of the race have had little opportunity for home life in plantation days and since. They were forced backward and away from the age-long concerns of their sex. From before "dayclean" till the tasks in the field were done, they carried their share of the work along with the men. With the coming of freedom the man and the woman continued to work side by side in the field. Cotton rows and cotton blossoms continued to be the background for the children, and the little homes on the new land holdings depended upon the family crop. But with the breaking up of the "Street" the old Mauma had a smaller group of children to look after, and gradually home life developed so that the different families became distinct. And family life has become a precious heritage.

Many of my readers will find it hard to believe this. They see a shifting population. They see

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Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

In the gallery of human struggle we must find place for the Negro woman—with the heavy cord tied round her hips "to gib her strength".

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Negro workmen who seem ever ready to move on like "Jo of Tom-all-Alone's" in Dickens. They cite Negro house-servants whose marital history has been continuous but not consecutive. But I am talking about Sea Island Negroes who have had a chance to buy their land and build their homes; who have lived in one spot for three generations. There are exceptions to the statement, even here, for in a group of six thousand one finds of course the shifting and the shiftless.

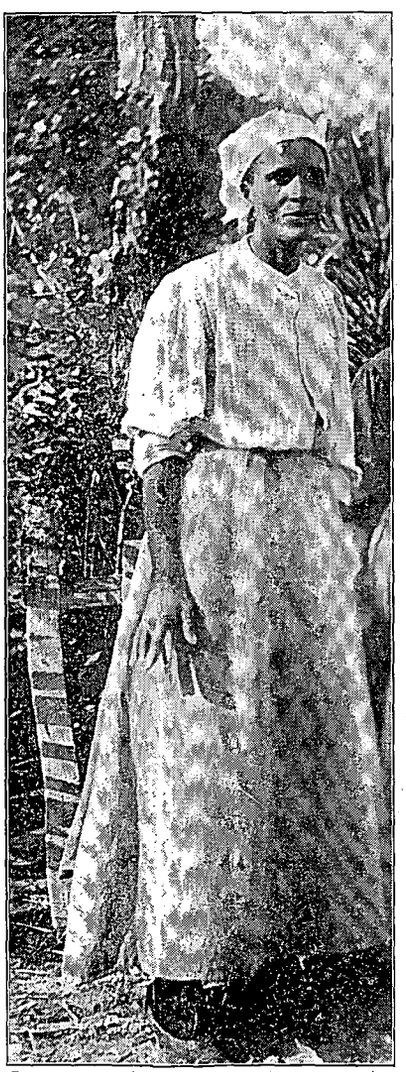
But come with me to our Community Class and let me introduce you to my friends among the Island women of the older generation. It is Wednesday. As we go across the sandy playground we hear the old spirituals drifting out from the sewing-room windows. The class has begun its meeting. We slip in. They are wonderfully glad to see us—mothers and grandmothers from forty to eighty, and like the children they have all walked in, one mile or five as it may be, some from "Miss Anne," some from "Tom Fripp," some from "Indian Hill," all from plantation homes. This class represents our first extension work at Penn, and through all the years the Community Class has bound the school to the homes.

"We wants to come to de college." That was in 1904 when the new school, a two-story, eight-roomed house was built at Penn. Of course they thought it was a college. Never had there been such a schoolhouse! For several years we had to fight that word college for while we were transforming a Negro School of the old academic pattern, dating back to the War between the States, into an agricultural and industrial training center, ours was none the less, as it had been for forty years, an elementary country school. "I ben to Penn School, but my chillun goes to de college." For many a parent as well as for many a child their first real climb upstairs was made in the new schoolhouse. The churches have their galleries, and some of the houses a second story, but both are reached by little enclosed stairways. Here was a second story twenty-three steps up, and a great open stair. I can see them now as they gingerly crept up and down, so carefully clinging to the bannister which proved of real value to these adventurers.

Yes, the women wanted to come to school, and so the first club was started—a woman's club—but always "Community Class" has been the better name for it. And here we are in the midst of it.

As we quietly take our places, the singing continues. A tapping on the floor, sometimes a soft clapping of the hands, makes the rhythm all the more distinct. Heads nod, and sometimes the bodies sway. There are old grandmothers with white head coverings, and very occasionally a bright colored bandanna. All are most neatly dressed. And how they do delight in "We Class!"

I remember, back in 1906, how I tried to introduce basketry. "Why don't the women make baskets?" I asked, in my ignorance. And I invited the old basket-maker to come in and give them points. Off we started, and they were a happy, busy, picturesque crowd, but I could feel that they did not rejoice in their baskets! They finished them, however, and not for years afterwards—and *then* from one of our many missionary visitors—did I discover that women do not make baskets in Africa! And so women don't make baskets on St. Helena. No, it is a man's craft, and until the race changes by many more decades of contact with a new environment, it is likely to remain a man's craft.



Photograph by Rossa B. Cooley

One of the gallant mothers who has walked in from Miss Anne plantation ever since "we class" started

Next I tried knitting and fared better. But I had all kinds of trouble with my knitters, for this was an acquired art. Aunt Lily would hold her wool so loose she couldn't knit, and Aunt Sally would hold hers so tight she couldn't budge it. "This is splendid, Aunt Daphne," I said to one, and to my delight came the reply, "I'se doin' dis to show my grands (grandchildren)."

The class had great patience with me! I tried to give them a course in Bible lessons. That seemed a reasonable thing to do. They love the Bible, and in many a home it is the only book. I had taught Bible at Hampton Institute during my seven years there, and it had been a favorite subject with teacher and students. But again I met only a meager success. I was neither a minister nor a Sunday School teacher of the Baptist or even the Methodist faith, so how could I teach them the Bible? And it was school anyway. When one of them said months afterward, "I yeddy yo' ben a Presbylocian," I thought I had found the real reason why I

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couldn't make a success of Bible study on a Wednesday afternoon in our Community Class.

But when I had a course in hygiene and home emergency nursing the next year, we found we had struck the nail on the head, and ever since that has been the "course of study" and they never weary of it. "Yes, Chile!" "Tow be sure!" "Ooner got de truf!" "Neber shum befo'!" used to make me feel that the lesson was being appreciated. It lay near to their traditional functions as home-makers and tenders of sick. Now the School Nurse gives them the course, and closer connections are made with clothes, cooking, and consumption.

Meanwhile, quilt-making took the place of our earlier efforts in basketry and knitting. At first they made quilts for themselves, but after a serious storm which called for emergent relief work in the community, they decided to make the quilts for those who were "worser off than we." This step was taken entirely on their own initiative when I was "off Island." These older women as well as the children have thus grown with the school.

Photograph by Frances Foote Cornish

It is women like Aunt Betsey who have made the bridge with their own bent backs and laboring muscles between the old slavery days and the sixty difficult years of freedom

Draw in closer, the singing ended, and meet some of them, whose lives reveal the range of woman's part in the development of our Island life—singers and teachers, midwives and church-mothers, farmers and managers of no mean ability, above all home-makers mothering the generations that come on.

Here is Aunt Lily still wearing the bandanna of the old days. She did her task in the plantations of long ago as a field hand. She can remember the old "Street" and the sound of the horn that called them all to work. Her son and daughter live in a neat home—four rooms with a "jump-up." And Matthew is a handy man and owns fifteen acres of land.

While we were waiting for the spiritual to be raised at the opening of the meeting, it was Aunt Lily's voice, as true as a song bird, that sounded first.

Jedus keep a-listenin' all de day long
Keep a-listenin' all de night
Jedus keep a-listenin' all de day long
For to hear some sinner pray.

Oh, de Jews trow Dan'el in de lion's den,
And how could Dan'el pray?
But all God's chillun hoverin' about
For to hear how Dan'el pray.

And so on, verse after verse, each one testifying that the women of the race know that Jesus keeps a-listening.

These women make our church-mothers—an entrenched function in the traditional religious life of the Island. In the early teens, the boy or girl steals out to Maria Middleton or Aunt Julia to tell of dreams and visions during the period when they are striving to join one of our churches on profession of faith. Faith, as the Island holds, must be tried out by long periods of prayer, and that "young men must see visions" is as firmly believed today on St. Helena as in the days of the Prophet Joel. These "spiritual mothers" are held in deep reverence as the guides to the church.

The women who have come from the "Street" of slavery days have made the nurses of the race. In another article I have dealt with that side of their life, and in our Community Class these "midders" could not be better represented than by Rivena Wroten of Scott plantation. Farmer and midwife are her professions. Straight and self-respecting, she is worried if in debt, for Berry, the hard working husband, had died suddenly and she is anxious because her "grand" has left school to go for cash in Savannah to meet some heavy expenses this boll weevil season. We talked it over one evening just at sunset time, as I stopped at her home. Debts, boll weevil, and crop, "we class" and the "grands" were our topics of conversation. "De chillun is all I has to 'pend 'pon," she declared, but as I looked at the children before me, I felt that it was the old grandmother who was still the center of that home. We drifted into the long-ago days.

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Photograph by Rossa B. Cooley

Mrs. Juno and the Sales House

No, I ain't bo'n on this Island. We live up at Bamberg and bad times come. My husband he ben de 'epublican leader under white boss, and time come when it seem lak de white people want to kill de colored people and he haf to run off to save his life. I ben lef wid de five chillun. White people ain't want me to leave. Dey know I knows how to do. But I had a good brother and he help me, and atter while he git a box car and pit we-all and de chickens and evory ting in an' we come down to Beaufort. I wuk at de hotel and den Berry buy dis place on Island.

I learn my trade from my Missus. She teach me, and she teach me good. I serve many white people. I ain't eber wok for de colored till I come to dis Island. I know eberyting to do and de mudders say dey ain't have it done like me. I clean an' I keep de bed an' de house clean. I have many grown-up man in Beaufort who meet me and give me something, for he know I ben his midder. And I has crowds and crowds of black chillun and dey look 'pon me too.

The women, scarcely less than the men, continue to make our farmers as in the days of the plantations. Lucretia Simmons can handle the hoe and manage her fields so that she holds the respect of her three grown sons, all farming on acres near their mother's on Frogmore Plantation. Among the oldest farmers on the Island is Aunt Jane Rivers. She has been able to keep her little home on the Eustis Plantation through sheer grit and determination. When James R. Macdonald, for many years the leading white merchant of the Island, came in one evening and told the story of her "little bit of cotton," I asked him to write it for me, and he did so in this wise:

"Mr. Mac, I too glad for look 'pon you face once mo'!"

"Yes, Aunt Jane, I'm very glad to see you, too. How are you, and how are you getting along?"

"Poo-el-ly, Mr. Mac. poo-el-ly. Ain't you see how I cripple! Dis ain't de Jane you use-tuh know. My whole frame is weak, and ax for my knee, I wouldn't talk, it's so painful. You know, Mr. Mac, when Jane Rivers fetch little bit o' cotton like to dat, times mus' be change. Mr. Mac, I couldn't tell yo' how I struggle to make dat one bag full o' cotton. I jus' try for plant a tas', (¼ acre) and dat'll tell you how far back I gone. You members when Jane been a *Jane,* two acres was play fer me. I go out to de cotton patch in de mornin', stick in one hand, and hoe in de udder. I jus' try fer hoe two row. I brace myself, put down de stick, and start hoe. I hoe an' I hop, an' I hoe an' I hop. Presently here come de misery in me knee, an' it hu't me so bad I bleeged to fall in de alley on me back. An', Mr. Mac, turn an' twis' as I will, I cyan' rise up. De pain is so bad I cry. I hab to cry, Mr. Mac. I cry wid de pain, an' I cry wid de agrawation. I say, 'Do Jesus, he'p dis poor old 'oman in de misery!' I whoop so dem people could hear me and come he'p me up. Well by and by Sue hear me and come fer he'p me, an' I got back to de house. When I ketch me bret I say, 'Sue, do kindle fire and put pot on so I kin cook hominy and get strenk to try again.'

"Dat's de way, Mr. Mac, dat I struggle all summer to earn dis little bit ob money to put in me han', an' I tank God I'se spared to see de day."

Story 'pon story could I tell you of the women who have thus made the bridge with their own bent backs and laboring muscles between the old African and slavery days, and the sixty difficult years of freedom. There's Aunt Satira—always like a sunbeam. When we went out to see her after our summer holiday we found her touchingly grateful for our coming. "I yeddy oonuh come dat fust day, and I watch up de road for see." She longed for a picture book, and just before we left the Island that summer I gave her a scrap book which the boarding girls had made. I happened to ride down the road two hours later and there was Aunt Satira sitting down by the roadside and enjoying her book. I think she knew every picture in it before she reached home that night, and she enjoyed it as long as she lived.

I wish I had taken a picture of Aunt Tira. She is dead now and no longer joins in the spirituals or the good works of "we class." But there is a road across Saxtonville plantation where I always see her

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in memory, as she would come from her little two-roomed house and stand, arms crossed, head up, her short skirt tied tightly below the hips, as she had come in from the field. I can see her now as she knocked at Hampton House one evening with a big basket full of sweet potatoes. It was hard to believe she had carried it so far, but when one can use the head and walk along with the weight poised exactly, I suppose it is easier. All the older women have kept up that custom. It would be well for the younger ones to practise it and use it, copying their grandmothers instead of losing such a gift because the whites don't do it and can't. Aunt Tira would always shut her eyes tight and stick her lips far out when she talked. She emphasized everything by repetition, each repetition growing fainter and fainter until the last one was almost a whisper. On a visit to Hampton House she began by saying, "I cyan' stop 'cause I has my scrubbin' at home." We insisted on her walking through the living room, for she had never been in our house before, and she exclaimed, "Splendid, splendid, splendid, splendid, splendid! I come spend de whole day! I cyan' half see it now. De sun is too low, sun is too low, sun is too low."

One evening as I rode across Saxtonville on my way home, I saw a figure standing in the road, evidently waiting for me. It was Aunt Tira. Closing her eyes tight, and reaching out her lips as far as possible, she said, "I ben watchin' for oonuh, watchin' for oonuh! I see yo' when yo' go by from my fiel', and I decide to walk long wid yo' for it's gettin' dark, gettin' dark, gettin' dark." Community Maud had to settle down to a slow walk although her nose was pointed toward her stable, for I could do no less than accept Aunt Tira's escort.

It was almost dark when we started, and quite dark when we reached the school road. Nowhere in America is it safer for one to be traveling alone than on the Island, for the Negroes are a quiet law-abiding folk and during all these nineteen years, we have been able to go out either day or night without fear, and without an escort, and seldom is our house locked. But Aunt Tira's sense of fitness—a heritage from slavery days when the Negroes were depended upon to take care of their young masters and mistresses, and the property—led her to add this mile's walk to her day's work with the hoe and she was surely over seventy then!

And as I think of Aunt Tira, I remember another morning when I stopped at her little house to see that all was well. She lived entirely alone. When I said good-by, she handed me two eggs as her gift—another hand-down from old African days, for there the stranger or friend brings eggs as a gift after a visit. I have cause to remember that gift for again I was riding Community Maud and it was no easy matter to carry two eggs on horseback. However, it was in the days of the belted-in shirtwaist and the eggs, stowed carefully on either side, came safely to Hampton House kitchen.

Photograph by Rossa B. Cooley

Throughout all the years the mothers and grandmothers who make up the Community Class have bound the school to the home

Photograph by Lewis Hine

Our present Community Class president is Aunt Rina Miller, "mother of 25, grandmother of 52, and great-grand of nine head of children." Early marriage has been the rule, and mothers of sixteen years were very common in the first step of race development. (*Continued on page* 175)

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Irene and Nicholas

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Illustrations by Gerta Ries

WHEN I first saw Irene, she puzzled me. She was an extremely pretty girl, with large gray eyes and smooth pink cheeks which required no rouge. She was simple and direct in her answers, and her mental examination indicated an intelligence much above our average type, despite the fact that she had had little education.

But such tragedy in her face. She answered every question briefly, and without once changing the stoical fixation of her eyes on some distant point out of the window. Her face was too young and smooth for lines, but in some subtle manner her tense mouth and stony eyes had nothing less than anguish written over them.

I could not fathom her until, as my eye wandered over her charming person, it came to an involuntary stop—and she saw it. Her sensitiveness felt my startled glance without looking at me. A slow flush crept over her face and her lips tightened. She continued to stare out of the window, but I looked back at my paper and fiddled with my pen. Irene's left sleeve was empty. The cuff was tucked into her coat pocket, but it was unmistakably a sleeve without an arm. It was only due to the fact that she had a pretty face that drew one's gaze, that I had not noticed it before.

"How long has it been gone?" I asked. "Two months." "How did it happen?" "I was frying doughnuts, and a little grease burned my arm. They meant to put on some oil, but it was the wrong bottle, sulphuric they tell me now. In three hours the flesh came off, and in three days, they took my arm." She almost hissed the last words. Then she turned on me. "Is there another girl in the whole world who has lost her arm? I never heard of one." And then, "They say I'll get damages, but I don't want damages. I only want my arm, and they can't give me that."

In situations like this, words are futile. But as I looked at Irene's lovely face, I could not keep from saying, "Irene, you are so pretty. Girls with ugly faces can't hide them, but you can hide your arm. An empty sleeve does not show. Most of us cannot get past your face." It seemed as if she had a right to some spoken recognition of her beauty since her pride had been so cruelly hurt, and for a moment a faint watery gleam of a smile did light through the gloom of her face. She knew that she was pretty and was ready to admit it. But since when, have pretty women been more resigned to mutilation than ugly ones. Irene shook her head. "No one sees my face. Everybody I pass stares at that sleeve. They see nothing else and I think of nothing else. I suppose I never will," she added, and rose. "There is nothing you can do, you know. All I want is my arm, and you can't give it to me." It is strange how suffering can sharpen not only the nerves but the intelligence. Irene was only an ignorant girl, with no training, no family and no fortune. Yet the experience through which she had just passed had brought her so close to the realities of life, and of death, that she had the dignity and the self-possession of a woman of the world.

Yet curiously enough, at a suggestion that we go to her room with her to help her get her suitcase, her self-possession left her. She did not want us, and the more we urged, the more excited became her refusal. To our inquiries as to how she could come to our boarding home without some one to carry her bag, and how she could stay anywhere else without money, she burst into hysterical sobbing.

It was plain enough that

A Loose Leaf from the PSYCHOLOGIST'S DICTIONARY

Compensation (*f. com—pendere—weigh*) *n.* The tendency to make up for an organic defect by an extra nervous effort. Thus, to escape from their sense of physical inferiority becomes, for some people, the impelling force behind all their most vigorous action.

"I don't want damages. I only want my arm!"—Irene. . . . Now she outdoes herself in needlework. Emotionally every stitch is but a substitute for the stitches she was not able to put into Nick's patch on her wedding morning.

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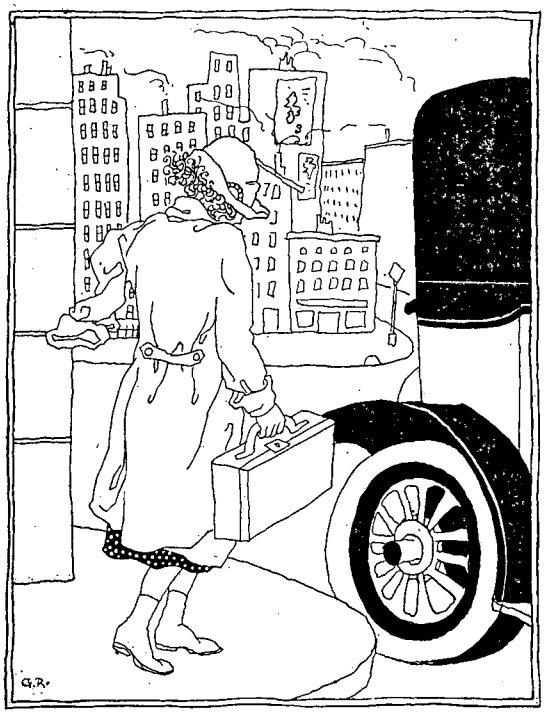
there was something in that room which we must not see, and how could we fail to guess what it was? No girl is going to shake with sobs as the self-possessed Irene was shaking, unless that mysterious something in the room is a lover.

Now we were in no mood to grudge consolation to Irene, in whatever guise that consolation might be found. Yet here she was, utterly destitute and crippled. She could not start out alone on slippery sidewalks with the sleet driving in her face unless some one helped her. And it was equally plain that whoever her lover might be, he was not her husband, nor could he help her, or she would not have come to us. It was more likely that there were two waifs instead of one, both wretched and at their wit's end, with no consolation but each other's company. Irene's sobs doubtless meant that she dreaded being snatched by stern moralists from the only treasure which she had saved from the shipwreck of her fortunes.

It was finally arranged that Irene should be motored to the corner of her street and should go alone to her room to pack her bag, with her one arm, or with the help of whatever arms might lurk in the room. A discreet reticence was maintained both by Irene and by us, as to the existence of the other pair of arms.

But at the assurance that no intruder would accompany her to her room, her sobs quieted down, and she drove silently with us to the corner of the street. After a period of packing which seemed the more lengthy considering the very modest dimensions of her one little bag, Irene came trudging back to the car, her head bowed against the sleet, and her empty sleeve flapping wildly behind her.



Irene came trudging back, her empty sleeve flapping behind her

That she would never have come at all if they had had a cent between them, we were morally certain. She was proud and she was stubborn. Moreover it was plain that she was in love. If her companion had been loyal to a girl with no money, no job and no arm, it seemed more than likely that he too was in love. Undoubtedly their room rent was unpaid, and they had been asked to move on. Hence Irene's acquiescence. So much we could guess without asking questions. We felt that after a day or two of quiet, with a hot bath and some good meals, Irene would be ready to talk without being urged, which indeed turned out to be the case.

Nicholas, it seemed, was a truck driver who had lost his job. But feeling certain that the trucking business was a good one, he had decided to go into it on his own account, and he was paying for a truck on the instalment plan. He had hoped to earn enough by hauling to pay for the machine, but business had not been good, and despite his best efforts it looked as if he would lose the truck, all the money that he put into it and all means for earning anything else. At this stage of his fortunes, he and Irene had met each other. Both were unhappy, both had been undeservedly unlucky, and both were in the mood to cling to any one who would be kind. Moreover Irene had a room for which she had paid a month in advance. Nicholas had in the meantime been sleeping in his truck. But the weather had suddenly turned cold, and even his endurance quailed before the prospect of more nights under its chilly canvas. Moreover, he had probably got to return the truck for lack of money to pay the premiums; so, cold or warm, he must seek another shelter, and Irene had offered hers as long as it lasted.

It had lasted one month. And now neither of them had a roof, or the price of a cup of coffee and a sandwich. "The poor fella," said Irene, "and me with only one arm. How can I help him? With an arm and a job, I could rent a room, and we'd live real well until he got his truck back. There's always lots of hauling in the fall, if Nick could only get the chance." It was plain that there would be no settling of Irene's problems that did not include a settling of Nick's, and we promised to start negotiations for his truck and for her new arm, without delay.

The first interview with the owner of the truck was satisfactory but puzzling. The man in charge of the instalment service was most sympathetic, and he agreed to give Nick the time he needed to make his payments. "It's hard for a young fella with a family, these days," said the kindly Irishman. "I've been where I needed a little consideration myself." So Nick had a family, did he? The question remained: Was Irene his family, or did he have another one. Since Irene showed no disposition to enlighten us, and since it is one of the many

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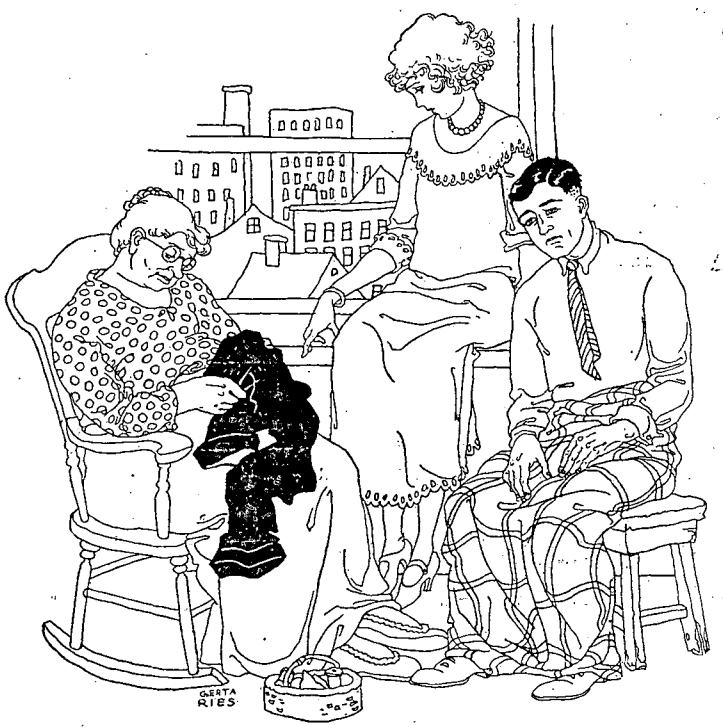
disadvantages of being poor that one's private affairs must be pried into, there seemed to be no alternative but to ask her. This we did as gently as possible. Was she, or was she not, married to Nicholas? If not, did she intend to be? Did he have any other wife who would prevent it?

Irene was reticent by nature, and her misfortunes had made her more so. It was not easy for her to answer questions, and probably she would have refused to do so on her own account. But Nicholas stood a much better chance with us to back him than he did without us, and she knew it. For his sake she admitted that she was "sort of" married to him. At least, neither of them was married to any one else, and she was his common-law wife. But why not his legal wife, if there had been nothing to prevent it?

Here it became very hard to explain, for Irene was proud and she was sensitive. She was very much in love, she was gifted with a sense of the ridiculous. But here it was! When Nicholas came to live under Irene's roof, they decided that they must be married at once. So the license was pro-



The good-natured land-lady patched as best she could — but that suit wasn't much of a wedding garment

cured, and while Irene, who was still rather clumsy with her toilette, was arranging her slight attempt at wedding finery, Nicholas had gone for a look at his truck. In the course of his inspection he had sat on a piece of scaffolding, and as he jumped off he was horrified by the dreadful sound of tearing cloth. A nail had caught in the seat of his trousers, and in his impatience to return to Irene his upward bound had been so quick that the entire seat had been torn off in one great three-cornered gash, before he realized that he was caught. There it hung, torn past redemption—and the priest waiting for them in the church. Fortunately Irene's room was near by, but, as she said with bitter self-depreciation, "What could a one-armed girl do for him? Could I darn it?" Their only recourse was to go to the woman who ran the rooming house and ask her to sew him up. She was good-natured but she was busy, and the morning was gone before she had found time to sew the edges together.

Moreover, although the patch enabled him to wear the trousers on his truck, how could he get married in them? "We couldn't make her hurry so that we could get to the priest, for we had to tell her that we were already married, or she would not have let Nick in my room. We couldn't tell her that it was his only suit, or she would have known that we were broke and been afraid of her rent. She might have turned us out, and you couldn't have blamed the poor woman if she had," added Irene. "She needed all the money she could get. She had children, and her husband was always drunk on raisin-jack. She fixed Nick up as well as she could, but she wasn't much of a tailor; and Gosh, how he looked!" Irene almost smiled as she contemplated her memory. Then she stopped talking.

That seemed to be the end of the story so far as Irene was concerned, but we ventured another faint question. "Couldn't you have got married even if Nick did have a queer pair of trousers? Wasn't the wedding more important than the looks of the suit?" But here she turned on us. "No, it wasn't more important," she snapped. "Don't you suppose that we wanted to be married decent like any one else? What would we have looked like—a bride with no arm, and a groom with nothing but patches on his back? How would we look at the altar, kneeling there with an empty sleeve where my wedding hand ought to be, and rags sewed in black thread all over the seat of those gray pants, and him with only one short coat that wouldn't hide an inch. Us, looking as we do now—why, they laugh at us when they come up behind. When they see my sleeve they stop laughing, but does that make it any better?"

Irene's voice was getting higher and higher, but we could not stop her. The suppressed agony of the past few weeks was finding expression all at once, and nothing we could say would help. It was better to leave her alone until she had relieved her heart and could see life reasonably again.

"Maybe you think that a poor girl like me who has made her mistakes, ain't got no pride," she said, "but I have. Nick is as good as any man, and not every man would marry a girl like me. But we wanted to be married decent, and Nick felt so about those pants—you know how men are, they mind those things worse than women, that I wouldn't make him kneel at the front of the church

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Now, in their two- room flat, Irene washes the supper dishes, while Nick plays to her on his accordion

and get laughed at. The poor fella, he sat with his head in his hands, and he said, 'Irene, I can't support you, and I can't buy you a wedding ring, and I can't even marry you without looking like a scarecrow. I knew I wasn't much of a man,' he said, 'but I've never been before where the very dogs barked at me.' That's what he said, and what could I say?

"If he was a scarecrow, what was I? Even a scarecrow has two arms. And if he was a poor man, what can a poor man do with a wife who can't even sew a patch on his pants? I said to him, Nick you needn't ever marry me till we can do it right. But you can have my roof as long as I have one, married or not—and he can. I don't care what you say, or the priest says, or any one says. Nick's my man, and if any one blames him for anything, I'll run off and no one will find me unless it's in the morgue." Needless to say, Irene was in a storm of sobs by this time. She had braced herself for a denunciation of her moral standards, and the longer it seemed to delay, the more hysterical she got. "Scold me and get it over with," she sobbed.

But Irene never got her scolding. It was merely put up to her that if she would like a wedding, and if Nick would like a good suit to be married in, and if she would like to be taught one-armed cookery and other domestic arts, it was all hers for the asking. She was a sensible girl, and Nick turned out to be the desirable young man we had already made up our minds that he was. So they were married by the priest, Nick looking very happy in his new suit, and Irene very pretty, as she always did.

They were soon in their two-room flat, where Nick, after his day's trucking was over, helped Irene with the supper dishes by playing to her on the accordion while she washed them. She is getting more expert at her housekeeping every day. But curiously enough, the handicraft at which she excels is sewing. She outdoes herself in every contrivance for needlework, in spite of her handicap. Ostensibly she is hemming table linen for herself and darning socks. But emotionally, every stitch is but a substitute for the stitches she was not able to put into Nick's patch on her wedding morning. Irene has a vein of obstinacy in her, and she has her standards. Those hours of suppressed fury over helplessness bit into her very soul. Every needle thrust relieves that fury and restores her self-respect.

When the flat is fully furnished and she is less awkward with her new arm, she even plans to help Nick make his final payments on the truck with the money which she earns at dressmaking.

November Earth

By MacKnight Black

There is a stretch of plowland by a hill
Where teeming days have left the soil at peace.
Twilight is bronze. November mist lies close
Above the sun-wise earth. No seed astir
Can break the quiet of this autumn land.
All summer it has borne most faithfully
The struggle of the grain, the growing shout
Of corn, and through long days of sun and rain
Given up its bitter strength in blowing green.
Now harvest strips it bare beneath the sky.

When truth has lain in me through troubled years
And I have brought some seed to life, I ask
No other peace than plowlands' after toil.

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THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE

III. So-Called Gentle Reader!

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

The last of a series of three articles for Survey Graphic in which the author of The Mind in the Making leads his readers still further into "the high adventure in the pursuit of knowledge." Magic Carpets or Scientific Facts? was published in September; Nurtured in a Creed Outworn, in October.

SUPPOSING it be conceded that one[1] at least of the objects of a general education is to help the young to become acquainted with the best that is now known or guessed about mankind and the world; that it concerns them to know this, and that it should be so presented that it will, by encouraging them to scrutinize our stock notions and habits, best prepare them to lead more intelligent lives and deal more wisely than their predecessors with old and new problems. How is progress in this direction to be made in view of the tremendous obstacles which have been briefly indicated in the preceding articles? How are mankind's guides and instructors to modernize their outlook in such a way as to free scientific intelligence from the suspicions which still beset it and assure it the influence to which it is entitled? *This is the supreme problem of our age and no one can hope to do more than to make modest contributions to its solution.*

We have seen that the modern scientific advance is due to what we have called its *dehumanization.* Those who carry on research seem oblivious in their work to the ordinary human craving for usefulness or beauty or spiritual exaltation. They devote themselves to minute and detailed study, for the successful prosecution of which years of application are necessary. So neither the methods nor the technical results of scientific research are likely to make a fundamental appeal to any except the professional researcher. And yet, as has been shown, the esoteric operations of the laboratory and study are literally re-creating man and his world. So just as once it was essential to *dehumanize* knowledge, now it must be *rehumanized.*

In order to accomplish this, or at least to advance toward its accomplishment, our knowledge of man and his world must be reordered and restated; it must be put together anew with full regard to the ways in which the average person assimilates new knowledge. It must be *resynthesized.* At present vital knowledge is torn up into fragments; shuffled into large piles labeled history, philosophy, psychology, philology, anthropology, ethics, politics, economics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, geography, botany. And each of these is divided into smaller piles—stellar-physics, bio-chemistry, embryology, thermodynamics, optical mineralogy, prehistoric archaeology, epistemology, Latin epigraphy. But even these are too cumbersome and distracting and miscellaneous for the real specialist, who finds his life work in classifying the white corpuscles of the human body, in the oscillations of the electrons, or German music before Luther.

All these are instances of the historical division of labor; they have a certain appropriateness for the researcher but are being constantly transgressed as investigators become more fully aware of the essential interweaving and interdependence of all things. Dr. Spoehr, of the Carnegie laboratory at Carmel, remarked that the study of photosynthesis —the process by which the living chlorophyl cells of plants utilize sunlight to produce essential chemical changes—had been kept back a hundred years because it got side-tracked by happening to be classified under "plant physiology." If one looks over the program of a meeting of anatomists they seem nowadays to be engaged in investigations which have little to do with what most of us have been taught to regard as anatomy.

These divisions of knowledge, great and small, have a significance in research, but they form one of the most effective barriers to the cultivation of a really scientific frame of mind in the young and the public at large. In the enterprise of rehumanizing knowledge it is necessary first to recognize that specialization, so essential in research, is putting us on the wrong track in education. This has been suspected for some time, nevertheless even the latest scheme of educational reform which reaches me proposes that we continue to classify our knowledge under social sciences, natural sciences and language—to which some might be tempted to add the fine arts.

[1] I say "*one* at least of the objects" since we might aspire in addition to cultivate artistic taste and literary interest and discrimination or, as is very common, aim at specific preparation for a particular vocation or profession.

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Representatives of these branches are summoned to testify as to the significance and setting that should be assigned to their particular sciences in a new attempt "to enable our youth to realize what it means to live in society, to appreciate how people have lived and do live together, and to understand the conditions essential to living together well; to the end that our youth may develop such abilities, inclinations and ideals as may qualify them to take an intelligent and effective part in an evolving society." This is surely the great aim of modern education, excellently expressed; but I wonder why we should think of history, economics, politics and geography as distinctively social sciences; language is pretty social too; and why is geography more social than chemistry or physics or botany? The importance of all of them lies in their relation to ourselves and our fellow men. As Dr. Charles Beard has said:

> Every field of human knowledge is so vast that the workers therein are driven, in their endeavor to see things as they really are, further and further into details of their subject. They then easily forget the profound truth enunciated by Buckle that the science of any subject is not at its center but at its periphery where it impinges upon all other sciences. So the living organism of human society as a subject of inquiry has been torn apart and parcelled out among specialists.[3]

Professor Frederick Soddy, the well known British physicist, recently began a lecture before the London School of Economics with the words[4]:

> It is my intention to try to bring the existing knowledge of the physical sciences to bear upon the question "How do men live?" This question ought to be the first the economist should try to answer . . . but the modern economist seems to have forgotten that there is such a question, whilst the earlier ones lived at a stage of the development of scientific knowledge when no exact answer was forthcoming. . . . In the present state of science, the answer to the question how men live, or how anything lives . . . is, with few and unimportant exceptions, "By sunshine."

We must fundamentally reorder and readjust our knowledge before we can hope to get it into the current of our daily thought and conduct.

Certainly, Professor Soddy is quite right; one might expect to run up against sunshine in a treatise on astronomy, chemistry, physics or plant physiology, but hardly in an economic handbook. Yet he manages by beginning with sunshine to show how much of our so-called science of wealth is inept, and how true is Professor Leacock's definition of Political Economy as that science "which teaches that we know nothing of the laws of wealth." And we surely shall never know about wealth if sunshine is left out. For the sun is the ultimate wealth producer, giving us life and food and light and power and raw materials, none of which either capital or labor, or both combined, can furnish, bitterly as they may struggle over and waste the solar revenue.

One of our foremost biologists expresses his astonishment that, when the general story of man's knowledge of nature has been so frequently and so clearly explained, there are still men of letters like G. K. Chesterton who declares that science is "a thing on the outskirts of human life," that "it has nothing to do with the center of human life at all." This is bad enough, but he reports his further consternation when one of his biological confrères boasted that when besieged by sociologists, economists and educators who desired to learn what biology had to do with their problems, replied "Biology has nothing to say about such matters." He reflects that biology takes endless pains to understand the behavior of sea anemones, earth worms, crabs, frogs, crows, mice, but makes official declaration that with the behavior of one species of animal, namely man, it is practically unconcerned.[5]

It would seem from this evidence that there is a failure not only on the part of the busy mass of mankind but on the part of men of letters, economists and even scientists themselves to appreciate the tremendous import of our accumulations of knowledge. The scholarly and learned have to be converted as well as the "fundamentalists" and other static or reactionary groups. We are all shamefully uneducated, whether we be learned in some particular field or not; and this lack of scientific insight is naturally more striking in those that dedicate themselves to intellectual interests than in the average citizen, absorbed in assuring himself and his family a livelihood.

Those who devote their professional lives to literature can probably look back to the vain efforts of their awkward teachers of science to adorn them with a dab or two from Science's iris-hued brush and their lasting resentment at the attempt to discolor their poetic or romantic souls. In later life they compensate themselves for their gross ignorance of natural processes by declaring as Mr. Chesterton does, that science is irrelevant to our deeper lives; or as Brunetière did, that science is bankrupt.

The economist is the victim of unfortunate traditions in his analysis of human wealth, its production and distribution. He, too, is likely to have gained only lifeless notions of natural science and sees no way of weaving them into his scheme of things. He, moreover, almost inevitably finds

[2] Preliminary report of the Joint Commission on the Purpose of Social Studies in Our Schools. This committee represents several associations devoted to the various social sciences.

[3] The Economic Basis of Politics, 1922, pp. 14-15.

[4] Cartesian Economics, The Bearing of Physical Science upon State Stewardship, by Frederick Soddy, London, 1922, p. 32.

[5] The Higher Usefulness of Science, by William Emerson Ritter, pp. 54-55.

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himself, perhaps unconsciously, assuming that the particular business practices of his generation are a reflection of "economic laws."

Finally men of science themselves have a wholly inadequate setting for their specialized research. They rightly suspect that the social sciences are not sciences in their sense of the term. They know how very hard it is to get any exact knowledge about anything. Immersion in their particular researches, lack of time for other things, and an honorable diffidence keep most of them, like the exemplary shoemaker, at their last.

In any case there can be no doubt that many things still interfere with the proper interplay between the so-called natural and social sciences; and each of these grand divisions of human knowledge, which belong so intimately together, dealing as they do with man and his world, are artificially separated by old boundary lines, defended against invaders and smugglers by jealous vested interests. *This is the inevitable outcome of transplanting into our educational system the technical divisions of scientific research.*

Our various scientific courses rarely produce either of the main results to be expected from them. They neither engender in the student a discriminating and exacting tendency of mind—that combination of open-mindedness and caution which should be the finest fruit of successful scientific training; nor do they foster such a lively understanding of the workings of nature that the fascination of discovering ever new wonders will endure through life and mitigate sorrow, boredom and disappointment. Of course, judged by this standard, the failure of education is no less conspicuous in the fields of literature, history, language and philosophy.

The problem has apparently two phases. One, how is human knowledge to be so ordered and presented in school and college as to produce permanent effects and an attitude of mind appropriate to our time and its perplexities: the other, how is knowledge to be popularized and spread abroad among adults who have become dissatisfied with what they know and are eager to learn more. Since, however, there is no great difference in the ways in which the overwhelming majority of young and old really learn, these two phases need not be discussed separately. Both the text books and manuals used in formal teaching and the various popular presentations of scientific facts written for adults tend, almost without exception, to classify knowledge under the generally accepted headings mentioned above. They have a specious logic and orderliness which appeals to the academic mind. They, therefore, suit the teachers fairly well, but unhappily do not inspire the learners.

When one has gone through a text book and safely weathered the examination he rarely has any further use for it. This is not because he has really absorbed it and so need not refer to it again. On the contrary, it is associated with a process alien to his deeper and more permanent interests. And it is being found by those who embark in adult education that text books make almost no appeal to grown-ups, who are free to express their distaste for them.

Teaching is one thing, learning, as we are slowly coming to see, quite another. Teaching aims to be logical; learning is strangely illogical, or rather, has its own logic and its own effective methods which have hitherto been almost completely disregarded. The "principles" or "elements" of a branch of science are really the ultimate outcome of a knowledge of it, not the thin edge of the wedge which insinuates it into our minds.

Let any one review what he has learned in life. He will find that his effective and living knowledge has come in the most informal and seemingly casual manner. It has crystalized about unexpected nuclei. Chance happenings have aroused interest, and interest has bred curiosity, and curiosity has begotten learning. Most of what passes for learning is a kind of pitiful affectation. The student says, "I have had" Latin or chemistry, or "I took" science or literature. All is safely in the past or the perfect tense, as if it were an attack of pleurisy or a boil.

On the other hand when one of Mr. Wells' hundreds of thousands of readers has finished his Outline of History he does not say, "I have had history" and—in his heart—"I hope never to have it again." And why? Because Mr. Wells manages to *humanize* the past of mankind. He may make mistakes, from the standpoint of the special student; he may make rash conjectures and display personal preferences in commenting on Caesar or Napoleon, but people who had never realized the general way in which man came about, or how writing originated; had never thought of Gautama, the Buddha, or the origin of the Bible, feel, as they read, something really happening in them, and with the new knowledge things never seem to them again as they seemed before. This constitutes learning. The history teacher often suspects that the students are by no means honestly convinced that any of the people mentioned in the text book ever lived, that the council of Nicaea ever occurred, or Lady Jane Grey's girlish little head was ever cut off.

Teachers and text-book writers must hedge and suppress, compromise and extenuate, lest the authentic facts which it concerns boys and girls to learn should unluckily start them thinking.

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Let us take another illustration. There are certain very important considerations about men and women and love which it concerns human beings to know. Havelock Ellis, after years of scientific investigation of sexual phenomena, embodied in a series of volumes, has lately written his Little Essays of Love and Virtue. It fits into no recognized scientific category; into no standardized department of instruction, for his aim is to really modify existing standards and permanently alter the ideas, aspirations and conduct of young people. He says "I would prefer to leave to their judgment the question as to whether this book is suitable to be placed in the hands of older people. It might only give them pain." He perceives one of the implications of humanizing important knowledge. Too often the old can't stand it.

Intelligence must save its life by losing its pride.

The best presentation of the basis and implications of psycho-analysis which I have met is embodied in a recent novel by Elsa Barker.* Few can read the book without being deeply and permanently influenced by it even if they were already somewhat familiar with the numerous systematic treatises in this field. She has humanized the subject by bringing it within our own experiences.

Other books might be mentioned which boldly disregard the traditional classification of knowledge, and were they only simplified would meet the needs of great numbers of readers, both old and young. Of such I may mention Dewey's Human Nature and Conduct, John A. Hobson's Democracy after the War, Mumford's The Story of Utopias, Beard's Cross Currents in Europe, Tawney's Acquisitive Society, Wallas's Social Heritage, Bertrand Russell's Why Men Fight, Charles S. Myers' Mind and Work—these and many others represent promising new and pertinent syntheses, but some of them are not sufficiently free from a certain academic staidness which stands in the way of their wide diffusion.

I am inclined to guess that it would make little difference to the readers of these books whether or not they had had formal instruction in the various fields of knowledge from which the writers have drawn. Personally I have reached the conclusion, after many years of teaching, that one should choose for instruction, whether one be dealing with young or old, *some phase of human interest rather than some field of scientific investigation,* select the book that treats it best and then bring to bear all the available knowledge by way of criticism or elaboration that may be found ordered up in the systematic manuals.

But most of the best books are simply too long and too hard for even ambitious and intelligent readers. For to be simple is to be sympathetic and to endeavor to bring what one says or writes close up to those one is addressing. We are not many of us interested in isolated scientific facts of any kind. That species of interest, as we have seen, is reserved for the few. But all of us are open to the effects of such new knowledge as gets under our skin. And the great art in writing is not to exhibit one's own insight and learning but really to influence those whom one is aiming to influence.

History is a field where all sorts of new patterns can be made, for it is nothing more or less than all our information about the past. I have spent a good many years selecting the evidence that bears on the development and fortunes of what for a better name I called the "Intellectual class." In forming this new synthesis I found myself a trespasser roaming about in the preserves of the philosopher, theologian, anthropologist, comparative psychologist, prehistoric archeologist and of the historians both of literature and science—to mention only a few of my encroachments. Now this has proved very amusing and instructive to me, and I have found many hundreds of young men and women to follow me in my wanderings.

When we got through we had discovered a new world, and man's past and the possibilities of his future were no longer what we had taken them to be. What I have done others can do in better and more ingenious ways; and the history of man's achievements and growing understanding of himself and his world could be made a branch of study beginning early and running through all the years of school and college. For, as Francis Bacon said, the history of the world without the story of man's education is like a figure of the mighty giant Polyphemus with his single eye left out.

We need, therefore, a new class of writers and teachers, of which there are already some examples, who are fully aware of what has been said here and who see that the dissipation of knowledge should be offset by an integration, novel and ingenious, and necessarily tentative and provisional. They should undertake the conscious adventure of humanizing knowledge. There are minds of the requisite temper, training and literary tact. They must be hunted out, encouraged and brought together in an effective if informal conspiracy to promote the diffusion of the best knowledge we have of man and his world. They should have been researchers at some period of their lives, and should continue to be researchers in another sense. Their efforts would no longer be confined to increasing knowledge in detail but in seeking to discover new patterns of what is already known or in the way to get known.

They should be reassorters, selecters, combiners and illuminators. They (*Continued on page* 171)

* Fielding Sargent (Dutton).

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EDITORIALS

THERE is an old tradition that the nave of Canterbury Cathedral shall always be haven and give hearing to those who have a human cause to voice. In early days the church was in truth one of our prime means for communication. Occasionally, when the newspapers have failed an American community, the churches take on their old militant function, and spread the truth as they see it. But the individual church as a forum has not developed national reach comparable to the press. Until radio came in, its audience had to be within earshot. Therein lies not a little of the significance of the calling of such conferences as that at Washington last month on prohibition enforcement by the Federal Council of Churches. It struck the imagination of the nation. The spire lifted as high as the dome of the Capitol; and as many people on a single day listened to its message.

Meanwhile, to give point to the Washington gathering, with its challenge by Governor Pinchot to the Republican administration, Mayor Dever has punctured the legend that the 18th amendment and the Volstead act must be dead letters in a great city. Chicago had the dryest Sunday in mid-October it has had in years. Police officials and the local Democratic organization were told where they got off by a Democratic mayor who is no prohibitionist but is a believer in the enforcement of law.

CONCEIVABLY, when the industrial history of 1923—or even of the decade—is written, the great strikes and the much reported labor conventions and meetings of manufacturers' associations will drop into the slots of forgetfulness while the unemployment fund set up in the Chicago garment trades will stand out as the most prescient development of the time. A final agreement has been signed within the month between the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the employers. Among the latter the lead has been taken by the house of Kuppenheimer and Hart, Schaffner and Marx, both of which great firms have separate agreements. A third covers the balance of the trade and practically all of the manufacturers in the Chicago market have signed it. Three boards of trustees are set up at the start, with, as chairman of each, Professor John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin, who has been a pioneer in constructive planning for eliminating the hazard of unemployment, as he was in the workmen's compensation movement to protect wage earners from the risk of accident.

A preliminary statement was drawn up and signed last May and the agreement itself, with its fifteen articles, its supplementary schedules, and its provision for an advisory committee to draw up rules and regulations has been the work of the intervening months. The subject has been one which has engrossed some of the best minds of the industry for much longer. Two years ago Arthur J. Todd, director of industrial relations of Kuppenheimer & Co. visited England for the purpose of studying unemployment insurance. At that time also Leo Wolman, who is in charge of the research department of the Amalgamated, wrote his trenchant pamphlet. The trade settlement last spring provided for embarking on some such plan and in the opinion of disinterested observers the final memorandum of agreement is one of the best pieces of drafting in the history of industrial relations. It has been the work of Willard E. Hotchkiss, director of the National Industrial Federation of Clothing Manufacturers, Earl Dean Howard, labor manager for Hart Schaffner & Marx, Mr. Todd for Kuppenheimer, Mr. Wolman, Brice M. Stewart, employment director for the Amalgamated Association of Chicago and former head of the Canadian government's free employment offices, Carl Meyer of Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt, counsel to the clothing industry of Chicago, Maxwell Brandwene, of Lowenthal, Szold and Perkins, counsel to the Amalgamated, Henry S. Gilbertson, now with Griffenhagen and Associates, and other experts and associate counsel.

ASIDE from the old-time unemployment benefits of the unions, there have been experiments in creating unemployment funds by individual concerns such as the Dutchess Bleacheries, the Dennison Manufacturing Company and Proctor & Gamble. The packers at the instigation of John Calder guaranteed forty hours of work to any man who starts in on a week and there is the agreement in the Cleveland garment industry which undertakes to guarantee workers forty-one weeks' work in the year. These, however, are small experiments in comparison with the number of firms and workers involved in the Chicago scheme. There has been the Huber bill in Wisconsin fathered by Professor Commons which is the first serious attempt to meet the unemployment problem by legislation which would place American industrial providence abreast of England and the Continent. Lloyd George himself was the early protagonist of the British system and his visit to the Middle West was a happy coincidence with this launching of the Chicago plan. That plan, however, is a departure from state insurance and strikes out along original lines.

Its background and important details were discussed by Carroll Binder in The Survey for September 15. It provides, among other things, for contributions amounting to one and one-half per cent of the payroll by the manufacturer and a similar amount from the workers. It is limited to five weeks' benefit in a given year and to 40 per cent of the man's earnings; that is, it is equivalent to two full weeks' pay. Once the fund amounts to a sum which would cover maximum unemployment benefits during a period of two years, its accumulation is temporarily suspended. The fund is to be invested in direct obligations of the United States government; no benefit is to be paid to an employe who quits, will not work, is discharged for cause, or is on strike.

In a sense the plan may be looked upon as another con-

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cession wrung from the trade by a strong union. But so simple an estimate of it ignores two things. It ignores the fact that here is a union which is interested in much more than higher wages—in security for example and a year-round livelihood and is ready to pay for them by increased production. And it ignores the new frontage of employers who no longer confuse low wages with low production costs and are concerned with the newer incentives.

CLEARLY there is danger from the point of view of the employer that the present plan is only an entering wedge—that later the only upper limit may become the ability of the unions to squeeze. The answer is that the plan is mutual; they are protected so long as the contributions are made on a fifty-fifty basis; and any modification of that provision would be fought by them.

There were manufacturers who would have had no objection to state-wide or nation-wide unemployment insurance that would equalize costs with their competitors and with other industries. The garment trades are out of line already when compared, say, with agricultural labor. The answer made is that the system should make it to the interest of all concerned to smooth out the curve of seasonal hills and valleys which have been the curse of the clothing industry. The plan puts the burden at two points—on the manufacturer by way of spacing out production so that it will be most economical, and on the union employment office by way of moving about its available labor supply so if there is a surplus in one section and a need in another it will be able to match supply and demand.

Here the difference between Chicago and the other clothing centers enters in and perhaps explains why it is here that the first experiment has been launched. Chicago has two types of clothing manufacturer. One is the ready-made trade which has its particular peak seasons. The second and distinctive group of Chicago manufacturers, employing about 8,000 workers, may be called tailors to the trade, wholesale special order houses with agents all over the country. They send out individual garments supposedly to individual measure—but in reality manufactured on a wholesale scale because of the multiplicity of the orders. The salesmen of the ready-made houses are out now for orders to be delivered in May and the work will get under way in November. The special order people on the other hand have their peak seasons at Easter, in June, the school trade for the early fall, etc. It is possible therefore to interlock the two branches of the industry in Chicago so that cutters for example can be transferred from one to the other with a great saving to the employers and steady earnings to the men. The new unemployment plan will encourage further development of this process.

The Chicago plan does not provide against such crises of hard times and unemployment as 1920. It does not pretend to solve the unemployment problem but to mitigate it. Its distinction lies in the fact that it is not a blanket state-wide scheme but a joint trade arrangement depending on the initiative, wit and resourcefulness of employes and employers in a privately controlled industry which is slowly finding itself as an organic whole.

IN some of New York's asylums for the insane patients sleep on mattresses on the floor because there is not room enough for beds. Many of the buildings are wooden fire-traps, a half-century old or older, and as dangerous as the wing on Ward's Island in which twenty-two maniacs and three attendants were burned to death last February. New York has undertaken the care of its crippled children, of persons in the curable stages of tuberculosis, of epileptics, and of those of the feeble-minded who are dangerous to others or to themselves, but there is no place for accessions to their ranks except on the waiting lists of a few overcrowded institutions. At the November election the voters of the state will pass on a bond issue of $50,000,000 for buildings for wards of the State. With those fifty millions New York could tear down and rebuild the dangerous institutions in which 8,000 insane patients live, provide new buildings for another 7,000 crowded in the existing asylums in excess of their proper capacity, and for an increase of 3,600 patients which is to be expected in the next four years; it could increase the institutional capacity for the feeble-minded by 3,600, and build needed hospitals for crippled children, for incipient cases of tuberculosis, and for epileptics. Paid at one gulp this would add $4.64 per capita to the bill of the already restive taxpayer; distributed by a bond issue over twenty-five years it imposes a per capita tax of nineteen cents a year to buy safety and sometimes cure for the State's helpless dependents.

AFTER the wave, the undertow. A stir of public indignation, a burst of enthusiasm, and a new law is written into the statute books. Then interest subsides, inertia creeps back, enforcement sags, and it is all to do over again. Until one learns, through one disappointment after another, to adjust himself to the slow beat of the decades it all seems very hopeless.

New York is again thrashing over the old straw of decent housing. The State Commission on Regional Planning and Housing (see The Survey, September 15, 1923) has been holding hearings in the city to determine whether such a shortage still exists that new construction should be encouraged by a continuation of the tax exemption laws and the emergency rent restriction laws. Irate tenants have been telling of trickery, exorbitant charges, and rooms unfit to live in. Landlords, admitting that rents are still rising, predict that they will shortly begin to fall, and complain, not without justice, of the advantage which the rent laws place in the hands of the unscrupulous tenant of ample means. It is claimed that there are now surplus accommodations in the city for 200,000, but it is clear that if there is an oversupply, it is in the class of apartments that wage-earners cannot afford to rent. The last six years of building in the Bronx, according to the building superintendent, has produced not one tenement to rent for as little as $10 per room per month.

WHETHER new housing shall be free of taxation is a question for local answering, but the experience of many cities is reflected in two facts which emerge from the New York hearings with startling emphasis. One is that a city can rid itself of accumulated housing of an inferior sort only by a painfully slow process of replacement. Nearly half the apartments in New York City, we are told, now conform to the "new law" of 1901: only a quarter did so in 1910. That is progress, of course, and yet it is shocking to realize how largely the old tenements have held their ground. Twenty-two years have passed since the dumb-bell

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airshaft was outlawed. New York has grown from three and a half to nearly six million population. Huge areas have been added to the city's residence districts; modern tenements have crept northward and eastward till the Bronx and Queens boroughs have tripled their population. And still more than half the apartments the city over are of a type at which the public conscience revolted when Roosevelt was governor. At this rate of replacement babies born forty years after the "new law" was passed will still be breathing the foul air of some of these atrocious houses.

TIME will cure this condition, but the virtual collapse of the protective work of the Tenement House Department calls for more immediate action. It is harder to enforce a law than to get it passed. The commissioner testified that lack of inspectors made it physically impossible to cover the city with the regular inspections provided for by law, that he was powerless to do away even with certain known fire hazards, and that the housing shortage made it necessary to "close one eye and sometimes both" when other violations of the tenement house law were discovered.

The Tenement House Department was created twenty-one years ago as the result of the efforts of the Charity Organization Society, stimulated and guided by Lawrence Veiller. It was organized with a triple purpose: to remedy the evil consequences of unregulated past building; to control the erection of future tenement houses, in matters of light, ventilation, sanitation, and fire protection; and to furnish a sanitary police for all buildings occupied as tenement houses. Because it interfered with a powerful business interest it aroused antagonism which has been only partially mollified up to the present day. Because it had few positions which were not in the classified civil service and had no contracts to let, it excited little interest on the part of politicians. Because its work was mainly preventive it attracted little popular attention. Indeed, the more successful it was, the less it was heard of.

Under these circumstances it has had only the scantest consideration in the apportionment of municipal expenditures. For the past decade its appropriations, and hence the number of its employes, have steadily declined with the result that it has been obliged to abandon, or ignore, some of the most important functions which the law imposed upon it. There is now less than one tenement house inspector in the field for over 10,000 apartments or one thousand houses subject to inspection.

More than that, there are indications that the suggestion often made that the department should be consolidated with some other will be pushed into the foreground if the home rule amendment to the state constitution is accepted by the voters on election day, and if the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and the Board of Aldermen are given power to reorganize the city government. Such a consolidation, in the opinion of those who know the tenement problem of New York, would be a blow to good housing. The department is a special agency created to meet the special need of a great city. It is not a health department, though its activities conduce as powerfully as any to the health of the city; it is not a building department, though it exercises a certain control over buildings; it is not a fire department, though it has tended greatly to reduce the necessity for the extension of fire service; it is not a police department, though it does a large measure of sanitary police work, and does it more cheaply than the regular police department could; it has a social outlook which gives it a special character, and its importance in a city the size of New York may be gaged from the fact that it exercises sanitary supervision over the homes of two-thirds of the six million people making up the city. The first step in protecting New York from the fire and health hazards of bad housing is to sustain the Tenement House Department. The support of intelligent citizens is needed to keep its services intact and to secure for it appropriations large enough to make its inspections a force and not a futile gesture.

ON the same page with the newspaper headlines quoting the tenement house commissioner of New York City to the effect that if the Housing Law were strictly enforced so many buildings would have to be condemned that thirty thousand persons would be driven to the street, is another, announcing a new mercury engine that gets twice as much mechanically effective heat out of a ton of coal as the standard turbine steam engine.

Most of us who begin stoking our furnaces when sharp weather comes have to pay from fourteen to fifteen dollars a ton for coal. Of the heat which our more or less archaic furnaces generate more than half is wasted by the unscientific construction of the houses in which we live and their faulty ventilating apparatus. The people who live in the tenements, buying as they must by the hundred pound sack, pay at the rate of twenty and more dollars a ton for their coal. The stoves they use are frequently of a type that have undergone very little improvement since Franklin's day and before. What if the genius that has gone into the mercury engine had been concentrated upon the problem of domestic heating? What if the coal bill of the millions who live in tenements were cut in two? If it were a question of housing so precious a piece of apparatus as a mercury engine, would these ancient tenements be allowed to stand?

This is an amazingly interesting contrivance which the General Electric Company has just brought into use. Coal is fired under a boiler containing mercury instead of water. The mercury is applied to a low pressure turbine. After having done its work there, it is carried through water in a steam boiler. Since the boiling point of mercury is 463 degrees higher than that of water, it converts the water through which it passes into steam while it itself is being cooled and condensed. The steam so raised drives a second turbine. "If a five thousand horse power steam engine," so runs the report, "is replaced by the mercury engine, five thousand horse power will still be developed by steam; then added to this will be another five thousand horse power generated by the mercury turbine—all this with an increase in fuel consumption of about 15 per cent." A notable invention, fairly comparable in historical importance with Watt's engine.

It would be grotesque to take the contrast here suggested at its face value. Its vividness obviously arises from the accidental coincidence of the worst in the way of domestic equipment with the last word of equipment in the factory. But it does serve to emphasize the fact that few of those whose business it is to improve the physical condition of the home have effected working alliances with the engineering technicians such as that which industrial leaders have established. Does not the solution of many of the most pressing problems confronting social workes await the consummation of that alliance? What effect, for example, would a 100 per cent increase in the efficiency and economy of domestic heating have upon tuberculosis, pneumonia or school attendance? On the side of prevention, which has increasingly become the major concern of social workers, may not the mechanical and electrical engineers have as much in their kind to contribute as the doctors? Why should not the engineers be invited to take charge of a section meeting of the next National Conference of Social Work?

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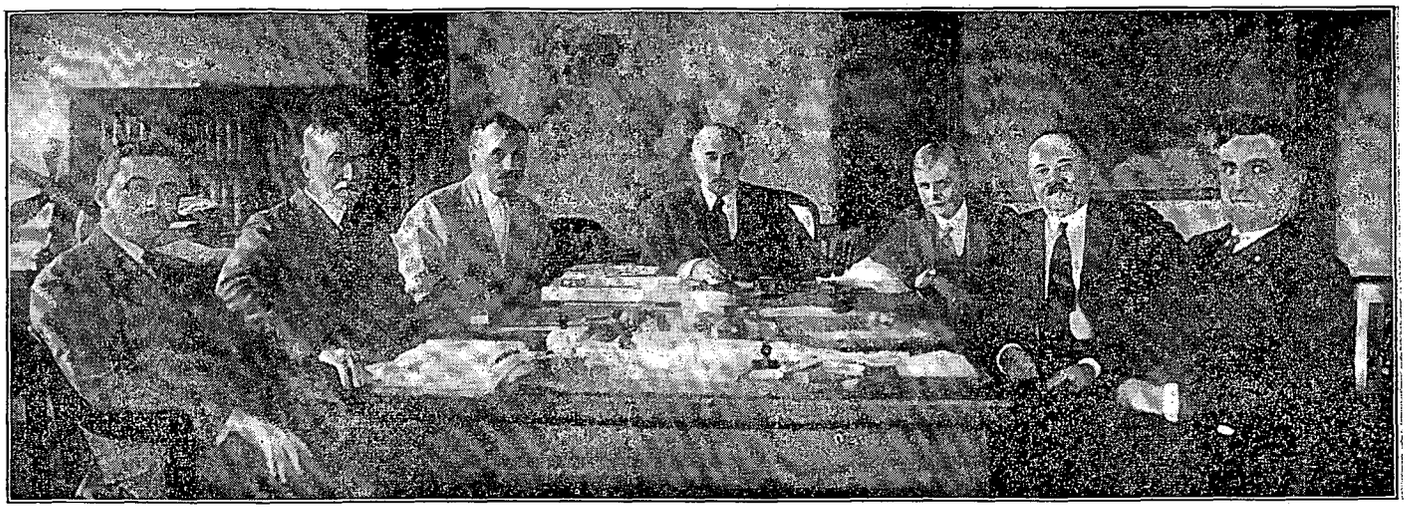

The United States Coal Commission—(left to right) Edward Eyre Hunt, Charles P. Neill, Edward T. Devine, John Hays Hammond (chairman), Thomas R. Marshall, Clark Howell, George Otis Smith

COAL

(*Continued from page* 137)

to prevent miners from organizing. On the other hand the commission is against any policy of forcible unionization of the West Virginia and Alabama mines. It recognizes that in order to gain the favorable public opinion which is essential to the extension of its territory, the union must find some way—in the section of the report on Industrial Relations there is a full discussion of where we believe that way lies—some way of adjusting even the most serious controversies without a nation-wide strike and a consequent interruption of the nation's supply of coal.

Whatever decision the "industrialized European nations" have reached, the American nation will not soon, I hope, decide either to unionize by compulsion or to abolish the union. It will rather, I hope, leave the question of collective bargaining to the voluntary—the really voluntary—action of the workers and the employers, with no coercion by the government on either side. Two thirds of the coal industry is already organized. The northern migration of Negroes, the present policy of restricting immigration, the rising standard of living in mining communities, are rapidly bringing to an end the absolutism which has prevailed in the coal industry, especially in the southern and western states. It is succeeded in some places by a régime of benevolent feudalism. The Tennessee Coal and Iron Company of Alabama, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, have done wonders in improving the living conditions of employes. The Pacific Coast Coal Company has gone far in the same direction since it broke the strike of two years ago and built up an entirely new labor force, mainly of men who had never been in coal mines. But I am strongly impressed that the industrial relations in such companies as these are unstable and transitional. Their schemes of industrial representation appear to be highly satisfactory to a few eccentric workers of an individualistic type, whom even the employers find it difficult to get into any sort of organization, even a sick benefit fund; and to a larger number who have had some personal quarrel with a pit committee or union official in the past, or who begrudge the payment of union dues. The miners and the miners' wives like, as who would not, the better homes, the better schools, the hospitals, and the unaffected, sincere personal interest which many of the company officials take in making the mining towns inexpensive, comfortable, and attractive places in which to live. There is nothing, however, in this policy of representation within a particular company as a means of bettering the working and living conditions, as a means of creating a local *esprit de corps*, which is fundamentally incompatible with participation in a nation-wide agreement. There is something essentially humiliating to a miner in Utah that it is the union contract in Wyoming on which he must depend to prevent a reduction in his wages; to a miner in Colorado that his wages are avowedly what they are because of union contracts in the states farther east. Western and southern miners will not be content indefinitely to have others do their basic protective negotiating for them. My expectation is that if there should be a national strike to prevent a serious reduction in wages—as in 1922—the miners of Colorado and Utah and of the non-union fields elsewhere, whether now members of the union or not, will be participants.

The irrepressible conflict is not altogether like that between the slave and the free states. No emancipation proclamation or constitutional amendment can end it. In one sense nothing can or should end it. Only the patient evolution of industrial policy in the day-to-day relations of management and labor can keep it within reasonable bounds. Government ownership, with or without democratic management, would not end it but would only change its form.

The commission, through its own field agents and through the valuable cooperation of the United States Public Health Service, made a study of the living and sanitary conditions in various coal fields. There are bright spots, but on the whole the report confirms the worst that has been said about the dreary and depressing character of most of the mining towns and camps.

Experience has shown, the commission says, referring to the comparatively few well planned and well maintained camps of progressive operators,

> that homes need not be chucked helter skelter together against the tipple and railroad tracks. The community can be laid out attractively, with protected lawns and gardens, often with ample space between dwellings, with convenient buildings for common use, and, what is of the greatest importance, with good roads for communication with the outside world. The responsibility is not all on the employer, even when he is also the landlord. The miners will have better living conditions when they demand them and do their part in getting them.

It is high time for us to turn from these questions of industrial relations and living conditions to the broader question of the relation of the coal industry to the general public and especially to the consumer. The commission starts with the simple proposition that the mining of coal

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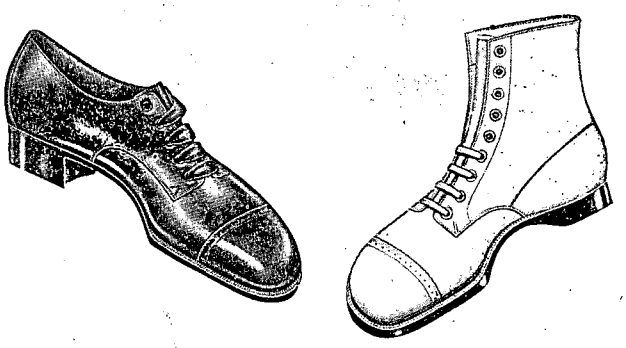

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its interstate transportation, and its country-wide distribution make up a service indispensable to the general public. Shut down its coal mines and the whole country would soon be not only cold but idle and hungry.

The sections on costs of mining and preparing anthracite and bituminous coal and on investments and profits in each of the two branches of the industry are in a sense the backbone of the whole report. There is a wide variation between the margins of low-cost and high-cost operators. Present margins of anthracite operators are much larger than their pre-war margins, even after payment of the federal tax—three or four times as large on a comparable basis. This larger margin bears about the same ratio to the sums realized in sales as before the war. In other words, the operator, after meeting the added cost of supplies, overhead expenses, and labor, still has the same share as before of the increased price which he obtains, and on an average this amounts in the first quarter of 1923 to $1.18 per ton, as compared with 33 cents in 1913. Twenty-four companies, with a production amounting to 13 per cent of the whole, report a margin of over two dollars a ton. Twelve hundred and thirty-four bituminous coal mining companies, with an aggregate invested capital of $770,455,143 in 1917, as reported to the Income Tax Bureau, and $1,114,033,853 in 1921, earned 27.04 per cent on their invested capital in 1917, before deducting the federal income tax; 26.24 per cent in 1920; and 8.13 per cent in 1921. Eight companies in one Pennsylvania district from which returns were obtained for ten years had a net income which in relation to stockholders' equity, as shown from their own books, varied from a slight loss in 1921 to a profit of 31.7 per cent in 1917 and 28.4 per cent in 1920.[1]

The middlemen of the coal industry are the sales agencies or sales departments of operating companies, wholesalers, jobbers, and retailers, including wagon and cellar peddlers. Variations are to be found in cooperative buying by consumers and in government and municipal fuel yards. Theoretically the domestic consumer can buy coal directly from the operator; and even practically, if he has a siding to which a car can be delivered, or a wagon in which to take his load from a wagon mine. Thus the middlemen can be eliminated in whole or in part by the operator going direct to the consumer, or the consumer to the mine, as is done on a large scale when a railroad or a gas plant is the buyer. The telescoping may be even more complete when the consumer and the mine operator are one, as in the case of the steel corporation or the railroads or Henry Ford. These situations, however impatiently they may be brushed aside in the search for an artificially simplified "problem," are a part of the national coal problem. The steel corporation has found that even the twelve-hour day is not one solely between itself and its employes. No more is that of collective bargaining. The railroads have just been denied that priority in car service in times of shortage which they claimed under the "assigned car" system; and during the present summer, after roundly asserting and triumphantly demonstrating the folly of asking them to store coal they have quite successfully done what they had declared it folly to ask them to do. They enter on their fall season with sufficient stocks of coal on hand to make "assigned cars" superfluous, just as those who opposed that system insisted that they could and should.

Although the commission did not take this view, there is I believe much to be said in favor of precisely reversing the earlier rule of priority. The railroads, being in position

[1] These are but random and isolated items. It is impossible to summarize the facts without giving a false impression of them. It is better to ask those who want to know them to file with their congressman or senator a request for a complete copy of the report as soon as it is published, and to suggest that those who want a particular section of it earlier write to the Director of the Geological Survey in Washington, who may be able to supply them for a time in the form in which they have been issued to the press. Sheer laziness is behind the popular demand for a predigested diet.

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to store at minimum expense, being in position to forecast their needs better than other consumers, being in close and constant touch with the mining operations, and having a paramount and unique interest in coal as traffic,—having in short many advantages over other consumers in addition to being the largest buyers, might rather be put in a deferred class. All other classes of buyers might rather have priority when there is a car shortage. Then the railroads, who alone can do it, would have to protect themselves completely from any danger of the exhaustion of their supplies in case of temporary car shortage. The local governments, public utilities, and large manufacturers should likewise come after and not before the yards which supply the domestic consumer. If there is to be any priority it should be to those who can least protect themselves rather than to those who can best do so. Of course I do not deny the obligation of the householder also to use his cellar within reason. The summer discount in anthracite to which we have been accustomed should be restored, and extended to soft coal. A summer discount in freight rates, balanced of course by a higher winter rate, would provide further inducement to that seasonal storage which it is reasonable to expect from all classes of consumers. Hotels, apartment houses, and office buildings cannot store on their own premises to any great extent; but they can share in the policy by contracts with the dealers or operators who supply them, or by storage in convenient places off their premises.

Another suggestion made to the commission which I believe to be of merit, although not adopted by the commission, is that car service should be put on a basis of contract between carrier and operator—the railroads to furnish and the mines to use—under suitable penalties for failure on either side. If substantially the whole of the output of the mines were thus under contract to be shipped, overdevelopment would be automatically prevented and the operators would be in position to guarantee a full working year to the miners. No operator would ask for any more cars than he could use because of the penalties, and he would use all for which he had a contract. The practice of selling on contract would thus be encouraged and the spot coal market would virtually disappear. The two billion dollar investment by railroads, required to equip them to meet present peak demands, of which we have heard so much, would become unnecessary, for the peak itself would disappear. Through summer discount inducements to domestic users, and the policy of seasonal storage by mills, public utilities, railroads, and households, the fever chart of seasonal production would be transformed into one which would show a normal steadiness of operation. Fluctuations through unseeable interruptions would still occur, and the emergency powers already conferred upon the Interstate Commerce Commission might occasionally have to be exercised temporarily to prevent an actual stoppage of railroad service or that of a municipal lighting plant. But such emergency measures would be reserved for emergencies.

The commission has the same object in view in its recommendation in favor of commercial ratings as a supplement to present ratings on the basis of mine capacity. The bad results of taking cars and locomotive service away from already developed and lower cost mines when prices are high and the demand cannot be fully met and giving them to new "snow bird" mines, whose costs are generally higher and whose facilities for rapid loading and shipping are less, are fully set forth in the report on irregular production. It is proposed that hereafter, instead of considering merely demonstrable mine capacity, the Interstate Commerce Commission shall consider also ability to sell, as shown by the record of sales already made at a time when there was no car shortage. In other words, an operator who keeps going when profits are small, when demand is slack, and there is

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ample transportation, will have preference at a time when the conditions are reversed—this not for the sake of rewarding him, but in the consumer's interest, in order that the stringency may be ended as quickly as possible through maximum car service at the places where previous experience shows that it can be used to the best advantage.

The commission's findings in regard to the wholesale and retail trade are among the most illuminating and most disturbing of the whole series of documents which together make up its report. They are in effect an indictment of modern business as a private affair, carried on exclusively for profit, and a foundation for the doctrine that the marketing as well as the mining and transportation of coal must be regarded as a public concern. It is shown that pyramiding of profits through repeated reselling of car numbers is a common practice; that the aggregate margins of both wholesalers and retailers are mounting, and that they are highest when coal is scarce and when therefore there is reason, if the public interest is to be considered, that they should be lowest; that the expenses of marketing are increasing, as well as the margins of profits; that the total investment of wholesalers and retailers grows with the profits, and that the effect of such growth is not to reduce prices and margins, which should be the normal result of a flow of investment into an overdeveloped business, but on the contrary merely to increase the number of persons among whom the profits are divided and to swell their amount. It is an illustration, in other words, of the wastes of competition in a field not suited to its free functioning.

The federal government cannot of course operate local fuel yards except in the District of Columbia and other places in which it exercises the powers of a local government. The municipality can, however, under the laws of some states, establish fuel yards if the citizens desire, or the citizens can protect themselves if necessary through cooperative buying. The retailers perform a useful service, for which they are entitled to reasonable compensation; and there is the same evidence among them of a new spirit, a desire to establish and maintain standards of fair practice through self-disciplinary measures, analogous to those which are familiar in the practice of law and medicine. Publicity will facilitate this process. To the profiteer and the exploiter publicity is an odious weapon—a poisonous gas which makes them shed tears and irritates their pachydermous exterior. But to the honest dealer and the distracted consumer publicity carries a promise. It kills rascality as the sunlight kills disease germs. It will deter the unscrupulous dealer from offering rock and slate and dirt as coal, from trying to sell "fireless" or adulterated coal. Extended to costs and margins, it will enable the consumer to know whether he is paying a fair price or an exorbitant price, and to take self-protective measures if necessary.

Publicity, taxation of differential advantages, and regulation through licenses are the functions of government which the commission finds applicable to the coal industry. Of course the government cannot do indirectly through licensing what it has no power to do directly. The conditions of the license would have to be such as grow naturally out of the constitutional power of regulation. It would be a logical and appropriate condition, for example, that all information required in accordance with the organic act should be promptly supplied; that the coal should be as represented in weight and quality; that there should be no pyramiding of prices through resale or reconsignment in transit; that contracts with dealers and consumers should contain no provision contrary to the public interest; and that contracts should be strictly fulfilled. Through such means the more glaring evils described in the commission's reports could be wholly eliminated. Through regulation and supervision by the government and self-regulation within the industry the mining and marketing of coal can be stabilized.

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THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE

(*Continued from page* 163)

should have a passion for diffusing, by divesting knowledge as far as possible of its abstract and professional character. At present there is a woful ignorance even among persons who pass for intelligent, earnest and well read, in regard to highly important matters that are perfectly susceptible of clear general statement.

The reassorters and humanizers should combine a knowledge of the exigencies of scientific research with a philosophic outlook, human sympathy, and a species of missionary ardor. Each of them should have professional familiarity with some special field of knowledge, but this should have come to seem to him but a subordinate feature of the magnificent scientific landscape.

A good deal of courage is necessary too. Some of us experience a certain sense of outlawry when we wander beyond the assured precincts of our guild. This will amuse or depress us according to our mood.

There is a rapidly increasing and altogether encouraging discontent with schools and colleges, which shows itself even among the hitherto docile student bodies. It is becoming evident that the main trouble does not lie in the unimaginative and sometimes tyrannical form of administration; nor is it to be met by devising new ways of teaching old "subjects" or by adding new ones. We must look to the very core of what is getting learned and ask whether this is producing a frame of mind befitting our times. It would seem that we have been extraordinarily indifferent in regard to precisely this all-essential consideration.

The object of these articles of mine is the attempt to reassess our failures and possibilities in the development of intelligence; especially to make clear why, proceeding as we have done, we have inevitably failed to make connection between education on the one hand and the obligations, pitfalls and amenities of life on the other. The whole substance and aims and methods of education—whether for young or old—need a thorough overhauling and reconsideration. Something should be devised to replace the old liberal arts courses. A good idea underlay it, but its alleged results will no longer stand inspection in the light of modern knowledge and modern conditions of life. The elective system also has a good idea behind it, namely a recognition of the student's spontaneous interests and preferences. But it also is a confession that the tree of knowledge has of late put forth so many and such thick branches that the main trunk is lost sight of.

What we need most, as I have tried to make plain, is a new intellectual mood, a new tolerance of intelligent divergence of opinion, a new appreciation of the rôle of knowledge in human planning. In order to achieve this we can well afford to be more courageous and adventurous than our predecessors in view of the infinite possibilities of further enlightenment that have opened before us. Our knowledge must be recast so as to become a part of our daily reckonings. And many are the ways in which this can be done. Our efforts in this direction will necessarily be groping and provisional at first, and subject to constant revision, as conditions change and knowledge grows. And when recast, it must be humanized, so as to make it slip into our train of thought, and progress there under its own power. If authentic knowledge could in some way be identified with the experiences of the child and youth, a deeper import would no longer lurk in the legends told us in our infant years than in "the truth we live to learn." [7]

[7] Remy de Gourmont likens education to a bag of salt laboriously loaded onto a donkey's back, and sure to melt in the first storm. The object of education is, of course, permanently to improve the creature, not to impose an evanescent load on him. But the task is a hard one and the difficulties offered by the animal's nature and preferences cannot be overcome either by coercion or by trying to forget them.

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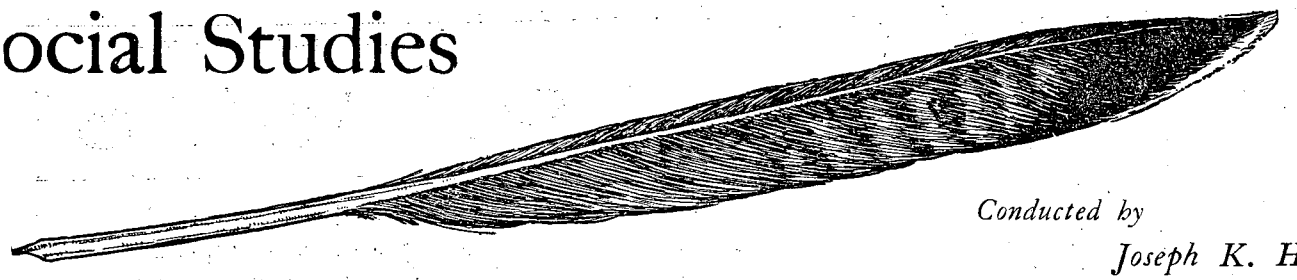

Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

The Psychological and the Ethical

ANY group, given time enough, will develop its own final folkways. These folkways have their histories, too. Some of them may develop for centuries, like the old Anglo-Saxon common law. This growth is not foreseen, determined. Into it all sorts of casual factors may enter, so that the final results, while they may be quite satisfactory to the group, are largely fortuitous. A failure of harvests, a wave of barbarian invasions, a black plague, the rise of an especially vigorous personality—any extraordinary event in the life of the people—may deflect the course of history and change the ultimate character of the folkways. In short, there are just as many different kinds of folkways in the world as there are groups which have developed folkways.

But groups do not know this. Hence, each such group comes to regard its own folkways as sacred, beyond criticism, identical with the moral order. Each group inculcates its folkways into the minds of its children, training them to defend and if need be to die for the faith of the fathers. This fact illuminates many hectic controversies over social questions. An illustration will make the matter clear.

"The family" is a group of the more primitive kind. Though each new family is a new group, each seeks to assure itself that it is of this primitive sort. Love is a primitive bond. Courtship is the means by which two young people assure themselves that they belong to a never-having-been-organized group. Our authoritative folkways now assume that such a group is practically indissoluble, and they also assume that this has always been the case.

But this allegedly indissoluble family group is a comparatively new fact in the folkways. It was not the rule in the Hebrew folkways; it was not commanded in the customs of either Greece or Rome. It was more nearly a folkway of the Germanic peoples. The early church did not insist upon it. It became a rule of the church late in the Middle Ages. That is to say, it has been in our folkways for not more than thousand years.

None the less, for most people this group form has passed completely out of the realm of the historical into the domain of the permanent. It is no longer subject to the circumstances of life. Psychological forces may no longer operate within it. Once formed, a family is an ethical entity and it is no more to be subjected to the fortuitous forces of the community than is "the eternal right."

But the fact is that the monogamic family developed in an agricultural and village society, local and permanent in character. Young people grew up together, knowing each other quite fully. A young man and a young woman knew each other's friends; had the chance to look over all likely rivals; expected to marry and live in their local world. Under such circumstances understanding and sympathy could develop. After marriage few distractions were likely to arise. The new family was supported by all the conditions of living and had every chance of becoming permanent. Even then, marriage was not always endurable. On the whole, however, the monogamic family group fitted the situation, and was held together by psychological factors.

Presently, however, as in all folkway situations, this monogamic group began to seem to be of the permanent nature of things: it was included under the moral order. An ethical halo surrounded it. It was taken over by religion, made into a sacrament, passed into the authoritative folkways and became inviolate.

But the scene has changed. Young people, in cities and everywhere, today, become acquainted with hundreds and thousands whom they see mostly on "dress parade." They have little chance to work or play together, or to know each other in the intimate give and take of the old community life. Marriage, instead of closing the world, opens the doors to new ranges of acquaintance. Distractions are everywhere, permanence nowhere. Jobs are a shifting quantity. Neighborhoods are almost unknown. "Home" is in a crowded apartment house. Society furnishes enough distractions to tear apart all but the most secure of such family groups, and no permanent community background which affords the support offered by the old local neighborhood.

THAT is to say, "the family" is, today, thrown willy-nilly into the same disturbances which have overtaken industry, politics and education. Our folkway minds resent this fact. We find it hard enough to have to discuss reconstruction in industry, in statecraft and in education; but to have to discuss reconstruction in family relationships seems altogether subversive. We fight, therefore, to keep the family in the realm of the ethical—beyond criticism or challenge. Everything else may pass over into the shifting sands of the psychological and the accidental: there are some who feel that the family ought to be above discussion.

On the other hand, there are those who feel that all our institutions and all institutionalisms are repressive and should be abolished—the family amongst them. The magazines carry increasing loads of these arguments. But the arguments are inconclusive. "Man," said Aristotle, long ago, "man is an institution-building animal!" We shall always have institutions: the question for this age to face is as to whether our institutions shall be of the drift or of our intelligence.

This is the justification of the modern doctrine of the open mind. Discussion of industry does not mean that we desire to starve. Arguing about statecraft does not portend the coming of anarchy. Investigation in the field of education does not mean that we prefer ignorance to wisdom. Intellectual activity may, of course, become destructive and subversive; but if man's noblest attribute is reason, the use of reason may turn out to be not wholly inadvisable.

The older folkways become too narrow; the ethos of one age cramps the new generation. The human spirit breaks through. Psychological elements so revealed become part of the raw materials out of which, age after age, the creative spirit of humanity constructs the larger system, the nobler ethos of the future.

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Our Social Institutions

A Course for High Schools

IV. Social Order

Once upon a time, in the old days, government was imposed upon the people by superior authority: the people had nothing to say about it; they could pay their taxes and take the consequences. Under those circumstances, government came to seem a menace to the peace and happiness of the people, and every governmental agent was looked upon with suspicion. Even in our democracy we still feel some of those same fears.

1. The Origin of Government

Monarchists used to hold that government was a divinely ordained institution. What was meant by "the divine right of kings"? When and where was this doctrine held? What was its origin? Who supported it? Why? Does it still exist? When was it destroyed? Has any similar doctrine taken its place? Do we hold to the "divine right" of anything today?

Rousseau held that governments were set up by the people, themselves, because they found it impossible to live any longer as scattered individuals and small groups in continuous warfare. Did men ever live in the way Rousseau here supposed? Do animals live in this way? Why did Rousseau teach this doctrine? When did he teach it? What did he accomplish by it? Does any one hold it today?

Within the last sixty years, most students of this subject have come to believe that government has had a natural development, growing up out of the old group life of primitive peoples. Was there ever a time when men did not live together in groups, of some sort? Were these primitive groups natural, or were they organized by somebody? What is the value of these groups? From this point of view what is the use of government? How did the "divine right of kings" doctrine develop out of this group government?

2. Government and Democracy

Does this old group type of government stand in the way of or does it help toward democracy? Is any form of government possible in a democracy? Does democracy mean that each one may do as he pleases? Can there be more than one form of government for a democracy? What are the uses of a government in a democracy? Should a democracy have an elaborate government? Or is that government best which governs least? What are some of the things that government is doing today in our democracy? What is the relationship of government to industry? To education? To religion? To morality? To services for the people? Are all these new developments of government defensible? Are they democratic?

3. Does Government Make Us Good?

We have heard the theory that government is necessary for the purpose of restraining people from anarchy and the like. Is this theory plausible? If government makes the people good who makes the government good? Does the policeman keep you from committing crimes? Who keeps the policeman from committing crimes? What is the real function of the policeman? Is government necessary? If so, what are the real reasons for its existence, today? Does government in a democracy rest upon force? Or does it rest upon intelligence? What does intelligence in government mean? Who needs to be intelligent?

References:

Roscoe L. Ashley, The New Civics. Macmillan Co.

Charles A. Beard, Readings in American Government and Politics. Macmillan Co.

Leon P. Marshall, Readings in Industrial Society. Univ. of Chicago Press.

The books mentioned on this page may be obtained through The Survey Book Department.

Questions on Current Issues

Books or Wisdom?

Publishers' announcements and the book supplements are with us once again after the comparative peace of the summer. Soon we shall all be dodging that pertinacious person whose main stock in conversational trade is "Have you read—?" Few people, at least amongst those who desire to belong, have the intellectual courage to admit that there is any book (that is, any book that *is* a book) that they have not read. They are modern exemplars of the maxim of Horace: "Beware of the man of one book!" To be sure, Emerson advised: "Never read any book that is not a year old!" But Emerson died before our modern writers began their work. Moreover, there is a curious prejudice, on the part of the mob, against books. For example, the Kaffir says, when he sees any one reading a book: "Ah, you are trying to do your thinking with another man's brains!" Still, this prejudice has been shared by some whose names are famous. Callimachus, the Greek poet, is reported to have said: "A great book is a great evil!" Probably he meant only that the writings of Euripides interfered with the sale of his own works. All of which brings us to the question: "Have you read—?"

1. Anything in the Field of Economics?

How widely is the fact known that the foundations of economics are being moved, these years, as if by an earthquake—perhaps even by a real world-quake? Do people generally know that Adam Smith is no longer regarded as an ultimate authority in economic thinking? Do they know that constructive work has been done in this field since the time of Ricardo, and that John Stuart Mill has been superseded in the minds of a great many people? Is it generally known that economists are finding a knowledge of the best modern psychology essential to an adequate discussion and presentation of their subject? Have the men and women in your community who talk most about "inviolable economic laws" ever read anything of the writings of Thorstein Veblen, Robert F. Hoxie, Carlton Parker, John A. Hobson, G. D. H. Cole? Have they noticed that Henry R. Seager's Principles of Economics (the third edition is just from the press) has had to be rewritten every ten years in order to keep up with the advances in economic study? And that the "unsettled problems" have always proved "more interesting and stimulating" than the settled ones so that they are reprinted separately? Does any one in your community own a copy of Professor Zenas C. Dickinson's Economic Motives? This book, described by the author as "A study in the psychological foundations of economic theory with some reference to the other social sciences," was published by the Harvard University Press a year ago, and may now be read even by those who hold to the Emersonian dictum quoted above.

2. Anything in the Field of Psychology?

To what extent is your community being filled with the quackeries of "the new psychology"? Are large groups of people paying large sums of money for the privilege of attending alluring lectures in this field? Does the lecturer promise them "health, happiness, prosperity and long life"? Does he make good on any one of those promises? What books on this subject are being read? What magazines? Does any one know whether those books are honest? Is psychology being presented as an easy way out of life's difficulties, or as long and hard discipline? Are individuals spending their funds for courses of training in "psychoanalysis"? What has been the effect upon individuals of submitting to being "psycho-analyzed"? Does any library in your community possess copies of really authoritative books in this field: for example, A. G. Tansley's The New Psychology and Its Relation to Life? This work by an English author is published in this country by Dodd, Mead & Co.

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AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION—370 Seventh Ave., New York. To promote a better understanding of the social hygiene movement; to advance sound sex education; to combat prostitution and sex delinquency; to aid public authorities in the campaign against the venereal diseases; to advise in organization of state and local social-hygiene programs. Annual membership dues $2.00 including monthly journal.

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JOINT COMMITTEE ON METHODS OF PREVENTING DELINQUENCY—Graham Romeyn Taylor, executive director, 50 East 42d Street, New York. To promote the adoption of sound methods in this field, with particular reference to psychiatric clinics, visiting teacher work, and training for these and similar services; to conduct related studies, education and publication; and to interpret the work of the Commonwealth Fund Program for the Prevention of Delinquency.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LEGAL AID ORGANIZATIONS—Officers: President, Albert F. Bigelow, 111 Devonshire Street, Boston; Secretary, John S. Bradway, 133 South 12th St., Philadelphia; Chairman of Executive Committee, Leonard McGee, 239 Broadway, New York. This organization was formed in 1912 as a national association of all legal aid societies and bureaus in the United States to develop and extend legal aid work. Copies of Proceedings at convention in December 1922, including report on relation between social service and legal aid, may be had on request.

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,152 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 174 American secretaries at work in 55 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe. The National Board also maintains a National Training School of graduate type at 135 East 52nd Street, New York City, for the professional training of its leadership. The training is given in two parts. The preliminary course consists of six weeks of lecture work (generally given in the summer session) and nine months practical experience on salary under supervision. The advanced course requires a full year of resident academic study, upon the successful completion of which a professional certificate is granted. Special emphasis is placed upon training in group work.

NATIONAL CATHOLIC WELFARE COUNCIL—1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.
General Secretary, Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P.
Departments—Education, Laws and Legislation, Social Action. Press and Publicity, Lay Organizations (National Council of Catholic Men and National Council for Catholic Women.)
National Catholic Service School for Women, 2400 Nineteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Owen R. Lovejoy, sec'y: 1 East 104th Street, New York. Industrial, agricultural investigations. Works for improved laws and administration; children's codes. Studies health, schools, recreation, dependency, delinquency, etc. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100; includes monthly bulletin, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC.—Chas. F. Powlison, gen. sec'y; 70 Fifth Ave., New York. Originates and publishes exhibit material which visualizes the principles and conditions affecting the health, well being and education of children. Cooperates with educators, public health agencies, and all child welfare groups in community, city or state-wide service through exhibits, child welfare campaigns, etc.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE—Dr. Walter B. James, pres.; Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, med. dir.; Dr. Clarence J. D'Alton, executive assistant; Clifford W. Beers, sec'y; 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, nervous and mental disorders, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, inebriety, criminology, psychiatric social service, backward children, surveys, state societies. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $2.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin," monthly, $.25 a year.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Grace Abbott, president, Washington, D. C.; W. H. Parker, secretary, 25 East Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-first annual meeting of the Conference will be held in Toronto, Canada. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Lewis H. Carris, managing director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, secretary; 130 East 22nd St., New York. Objects: To furnish information, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, personal service for local organizations and legislation, publish literature of movement—samples free, quantities at cost. Includes New York State Committee.

NATIONAL CONSUMERS' LEAGUE—156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Mrs. Florence Kelley, gen'l sec'y. Promotes legislation for enlightened standards for women and minors in industry and for honest products; minimum wage commissions, eight hour day, no night work, federal regulation food and packing industries; "honest cloth" legislation. Publications available.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SETTLEMENTS—Robert A. Woods, sec'y; 20 Union Park, Boston. Develops broad forms of comparative study and concerted action in city, state and nation, for meeting the fundamental problems disclosed by settlement work, seek the higher and more democratic organization of neighborhood life.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING—Member, National Health Council—Anne A. Stevens, R.N., director, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. For development and standardization of public health nursing. Maintains library and educational service. Official Magazine, "Public Health Nurse."

NATIONAL PHYSICAL EDUCATION SERVICE—309 Homer Building, Washington, D. C. To obtain progressive legislation for physical education. Established at the request of a committee created by the United States Bureau of Education; 35 national organizations cooperating. Maintained by the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

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THE SURVEY'S DIRECTORY

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE—For social service among Negroes. L. Hollingsworth Wood, pres.; Eugene Kinckle Jones, exec. sec'y; 127 E. 23rd St., New York. Establishes committees of white and colored people to work out community problems. Trains Negro social workers. Publishes "Opportunity"—a "journal of Negro life."

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION—Anna A. Gordon, president; Headquarters, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. To secure effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, to advance the welfare of the American people through the departments of Child Welfare, Women in Industry, Social Morality, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Americanization and other allied fields of endeavor. Official publication "The Union Signal" published at Headquarters.

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE—Mrs. Raymond Robins, honorary president; Mrs. Maud Swartz, president; 311 South Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Stands for self-government in the work shop through organization and also for the enactment of protective legislation. Information given.

PLAYGROUND AND RECREATION ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Joseph Lee, president; H. S. Braucher, secretary. Special attention given to organization of year-round municipal recreation systems. Information available on playground and community center activities and administration.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION LEAGUE—To secure representation for all. C. G. Hoag, sec'y, 1417 Locust St., Philadelphia. Membership, $2.00, entitles to quarterly P. R. Review.

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION—For the Improvement of Living Conditions—John M. Glenn, dir.; 130 E. 22nd St., New York. Departments: Charity Organization, Child-Helping, Industrial Studies, Library, Recreation, Remedial Loans, Statistics, Surveys and Exhibits. The publications of the Russell Sage Foundation offer to the public in practical and inexpensive form some of the most important results of its work. Catalogue sent upon request.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE—An institution for the training of Negro Youth; an experiment in race adjustment in the Black Belt of the South; furnishes information on all phases of the race problem and of the Tuskegee idea and methods; Robert R. Moton, prin.; Warren Logan, treas.; A. L. Holsey, acting sec'y, Tuskegee, Ala.

WORKERS' EDUCATION BUREAU OF AMERICA—Spencer Miller, Jr., sec'y; 465 W. 23rd St. A clearing-house for Workers' Education.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of Survey Graphic, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur Kellogg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of SURVEY GRAPHIC, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Survey Associates, Inc., 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Editor, Paul U. Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Managers, Arthur Kellogg, John D. Kenderdine, 112 East 19 Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Survey Associates, Inc., 112 East 19 Street, New York City, a non-commercial corporation under the laws of the State of New York with over 1,600 members. It has no stocks or bonds. President, Robert W. deForest, 30 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, Julian W. Mack, P. O. Box 102, City Hall Station, New York, N. Y.; V. Everit Macy, "Chilmark," Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Secretary, Ann R. Brenner, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, Arthur Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief, as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

[Signed] ARTHUR KELLOGG,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1923.
[Seal] MARTHA HOHMANN,
Commissioner of Deeds, City of New York,
New York County Clerk's No. 150; New York County Register's No. 22056.
Commission Expires May 4, 1924.

THE HOMES OF THE FREE

(*Continued from page* 155)

Agnes Washington, wife of Cupid, was proud of her twenty-eight "head." Even in the large families we can find the "'dopted." No "mudderless," as our orphans are called, is allowed to stray on the Island.

It is rather unusual to find the old women living alone. There is usually a "grand" who can be spared, or a "mudderless" who can be adopted. We shall never forget Aunt Riah and Husky. Two most pathetic figures they were—Aunt Riah somewhere about ninety, and Husky somewhere about ten. They came to the school from their little old house on Frogmore—a walk of about three miles, and we always wondered how they managed it. Aunt Riah looked older than any one I have ever seen, and Husky, hollow-eyed and with the thinnest legs on St. Helena, had surely outgrown his name. He had been a "mudderless" and Aunt Riah had taken him in.

But Husky had certainly drawn a poor home, and yet I never heard him complain, nor did I ever see him rough with the old woman. Food for both had to be found when they made their pilgrimage to the school, and clothing too, so the Sales House had to come to the rescue.

The Sales House! I wonder how any rural school can do without one? Ours had a history that dates back to 1904 when we met the question of how we should handle the clothing and shoes that began to come to us in barrels. There was a little building on the edge of the grounds, fortunately near the road; there the barrels went; and there the contents were sold to the people. This little building has had a checkered career. It has been like a chambered nautilus! When we first came to the Island, it was used for a print shop and there a group of boys used to set type with a Penn School graduate as a teacher. The little equipment was wearing out. But I can understand how hard it must have been for the older teachers when we urged that printing be given up entirely, as it was a trade that failed to fit into the farmer's life; and we needed that little house for the carpenters. So it became our first Industrial Building, though it could accommodate only six boys at one time, and gave way to our new Cope shops. As Sales House it became a veritable club for the women, who would stop by to see if any barrel "done come." Often they are able to buy here the very things that make it possible for them to go to church or their children to school. It is impossible to say how many of our Island children have been enabled to stay on the road to learning because of shoes from our Sales House shelves. Here eggs, chickens, sweet potatoes are as good as cash in exchange and so the problem for some of the poor is partially solved. For it is a sobering thing to have a dress or a pair of shoes stand between you and an education. That can happen on the Sea Island.

Mrs. Juno Washington, who drove in from Scott Plantation every morning, took charge of the Sales House. She was a born manager, not only of shelves and boxes but of men, women and children. Perhaps this was why we called her husband Mr. Juno. She had a way with all comers, a clear flash to her eyes that carried no suspicion with it, but made for fair dealing.

One wonderful thing I noticed. Mrs. Juno would tell one person that a thing was fifty cents, or even a dollar. And another person might pay a quarter, or as little as ten cents for it. I never heard any wrangling either. The price was set to suit the need of that particular buyer, and Mrs. Juno seemed to know them all. And to be able to keep them all happy. Here was a social sense fully developed, though never trained. The Sales House was to serve, and payment, wherever possible, saved self-respect and gave independence to the purchaser.

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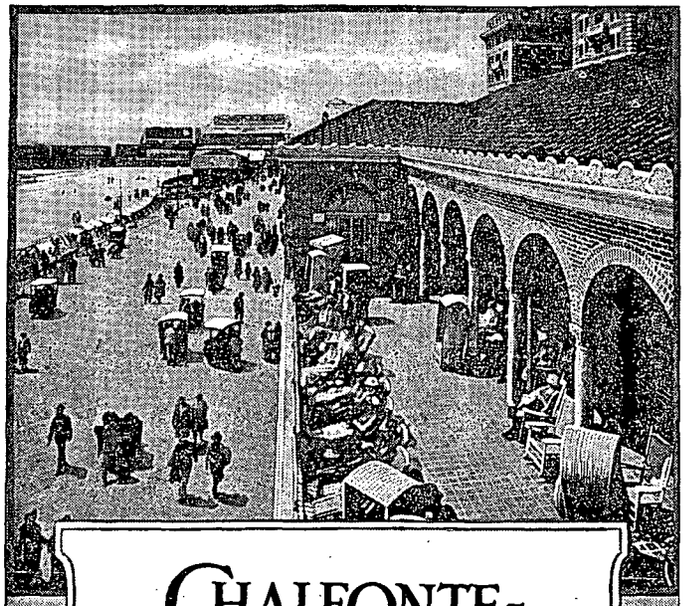

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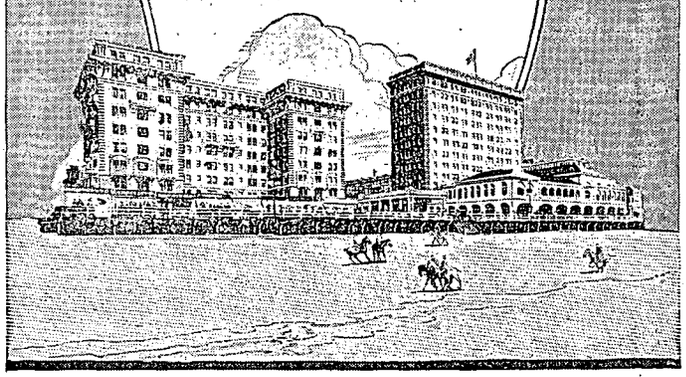

Then we always have the "needy barrels" and to that barrel Mrs. Juno would go for Husky and Aunt Riah, and others who could not always pay, even in eggs. The clothing and the money that comes into the Sales House has always gone directly into the community, and when barrels come, or express boxes, or parcel post packages, homes are helped and school made more possible. From the "needy barrel" go also the things that can help the family whose house "bu'n down smack and smoov" last night, the family where long illness has taken all the money, the family where the newly born comes without the necessary preparation. No sadder message comes to my office than that "the Sales House is dry," for that means a wait and a going without, when so little means so much.

The people often know before I do that the barrels "done come." You can see them waiting on the little porch, called by Mrs. Juno "the needable porch," and built by the boys in our carpentry class. One morning I went in just as a barrel had been opened and one of our very needy ones was going off with her longed-for package. "Yo' tell de people dese barrels has gold in dem fo' we," was the message that mother sent, as she made her curtsey.

Mrs. Juno was the first president of our Community Class, the kind of executive officer a club is proud of. Her quiet dignity as she presided, and her appreciation of all the school contacts with the community, made a valuable link with the past and the present. She had been a baby in the "Street" and remembered the ways of slavery. She had come to Penn School in the war days when its bell with the inscription "Proclaim Liberty" took the place of the horn, and so had traveled through its history with Miss Towne and Miss Murray, first as a school girl, then as a teacher, then as a young mother, and finally, although a grandmother, back at the school as a community worker.

When she was born, back in the slave cabin, it was evident that her father was a white man. The white mistress asked the black mother again and again to tell her who the father was, always to be met with the answer, "I'd jun' know. I'd jun' know." So it happened they gave the name of Juno to the baby.

We forget the sex relationships of slavery days. No Negro mother had any rights, and now when I hear white women speak of Negro women as if they all have a moral twist, my mind goes back to those days of the "Street," when the bodies and souls of the people were not their own. It is well to remember the tremendous force of inherited weakness. It is well to know that there has been a spiritual fight for sixty years. And it has been the fight of the mothers.

"How many daughters have you?" I asked Aunt Julia one day. "Four," was the reply, "and every one has ben married from my house." Or, as one of our grandmothers put it: "Every one of mine ben married off my hand." Marriage on the Island has taken a place of honor. Many times the school teachers have helped to trim the church, make the bride's dress, decorate the home for the reception. And many wedding cakes are made in our school kitchen. The Negro mothers try to protect their girls, but even so a Negro girl has a hard time. The poorest type of white man feels at liberty to accost her and follow her, and force her. The stories of pluck and determination are not so well known as the stories of failure. The explanation of the failures go back over the years to slavery days, when we of the white race gave to the aliens, whom we had not invited, but compelled to come to America, this inheritance. If we could take some of the blame for the whirlwind that has been reaped, the Negro woman would be strengthened. Every time a white woman says "All Negro women have that weakness,"—and I've heard not a few declare it as

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WANTED: Social Worker for general family work in Barberton, Ohio; population 20,000, largely foreign. Salary $1800.00. Give references and experience. 4644 SURVEY.

WANTED for modern Jewish day nursery in Philadelphia, a trained nurse, as supervisor, who is capable of working with children. 4640 SURVEY.

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WANTED, trained worker with children, as supervisor of Jewish Day Nursery. 4642 SURVEY.

WANTED: first class Gymnasium instructor for women and girls. Apply stating fully education, experience, training, minimum salary. Address Philip L. Seman, General Director, Jewish People's Institute, 1258 Taylor Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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TEACHERS Wanted for colleges and universities. American College Bureau, Chicago Temple, Chicago; 1254 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

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YOUNG MAN wishes position in the social line, club or institution work, city or country. S. M. O'Connor, 31 East 39th Street, New York City.

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WANTED: Institutional position, where children are cared for. Have had seven years' experience, been employed in different departments. 4632 SURVEY.

NURSE, experienced in institutional work, exceptional ability, desires position as matron in Protestant orphanage. 4609 SURVEY.

A YOUNG LADY desires a position as companion, travelling companion or teacher. References exchanged. Address Box No. 276, Farmville, Va.

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EXPERIENCED Child Welfare worker open for position, either North or South. Prefer Western Virginia. Best of references. 4614 SURVEY.

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MAN and wife would like position for the winter in Florida. Best references. Address Leo Haischer, Raquette Lake, N. Y.

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TEN-CENT MEALS by Florence Nesbitt, 44 pp. (10 cents). HOW JOHN AND MARY LIVE and Save on $35 a Week—a weekly budget plan (10 cents); Weekly Allowance Book (10 cents). Am. School Home Economics, 849 East 58 St., Chicago.

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WELFARE FEDERATIONS, by Edward T. Devine, contributing editor of The Survey. A reprint of four articles from The Survey. How Not To Do It: Philadelphia—The Mid-West Spirit: Louisville—Where It Works: Cleveland and Detroit—The National Agencies: General Considerations. Price 50 cents; 3 copies $1; 25 copies $6, postpaid. The Survey, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

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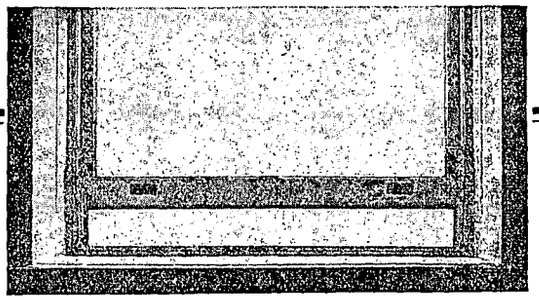

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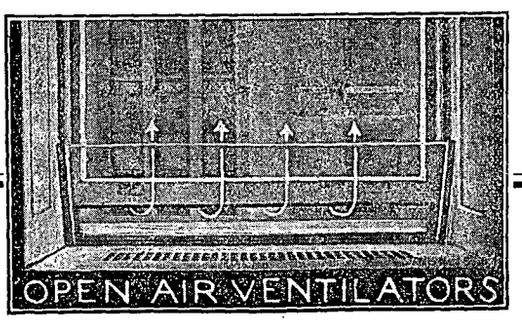

the last word—I believe we keep them down and make their struggle harder.

Household life on the Islands has had a long "jump up" to make from the slave cabin to the comfortable home. The economic partnership of husband and wife in the fields made its development slower; both worked at the now self-appointed tasks. Boys and girls had to wait for the home attractions—the crop being far more important in the eyes of their parents. Comforts develop, even the demand for them develops, only after the primitive need of mere living has been attended to.

When Freedom came, one of the most difficult knots to unravel was the marriage relationships. Said Aunt Rina, "We all has Parson Blanket marriage befo' de war—no minister—jus' de ol' leader of the praise house would pray over dem. The chillun belonged to de Maussuh of de woman. After war, dey all see clearer and git married over again by the preacher." The first marriage certificates and the first land titles, no less than the Emancipation Proclamation itself, were scraps of paper by which a race covenanted with Freedom.

When death came to Mrs. Juno herself, her mantle as sales house manager fell on Mrs. Virginia Brown, a feminine case of Elijah and Elisha! She, like Mrs. Juno, links the old with the new, a graduate of Penn who knew the Founders well, and secretary of the Community Class in the years when Mrs. Juno was president. She is a home-maker from whose household first children, then "adopteds," then grands and finally "off-island" children for whom there are no beds in the school dormitories, have kept coming to Penn.

In continuing the work at the Sales House, she has worn the mantle with dignity. Mrs. Juno's test had come and was splendidly met in 1911 when a second great storm wrecked so many island homes; Mrs. Virginia has had to face the emergency brought about by the boll weevil.

Along with the ordinary vicissitudes of life, and the occasional visitations of fever and storm and pest which scotched the countryside, changes have come to the island and to the people in quick succession—changes which stood for youth and growth, but which none the less have tried men's souls—and women's of this older generation I have described. The making of the print shop over into a sales house was a small one significant of many, as Penn School has expanded from academic to industrial training—a school that conceives the whole Island as its class room, its farm and shop.

There were many who loved the old ways devotedly. Mrs. Juno was one and yet she could look on all the changes coming to the island and its people with confidence instead of fear or distrust. It was the same in her attitude toward the school and its revolutionary change from the old ways. "We had dear leaders," she said one day in speaking of the founders. "They planted for us a little bush, and they waited until it grew up, and acorn fell. We ought to be thankful for God ain't leave us alone, but has sent two young doves to de Island." The two successors to the founders, the "young doves," found qualities of loyalty, and untiring devotion to duty in this Negro woman, born a slave, a good representative of the Penn School spirit, a wonderful friend during those early years when they seemed young and daring to the conservative Islands.

The Mrs. Junos in the world, of whatever race, are the bridges needed between the old and the new. When she prayed in one of our services, saying, "Darlin' Jesus, please to bind us all together with a bandage of love," she perhaps unknowingly expressed one of the greatest needs in any community. For those who work for its upbuilding make many blunders, all unwittingly, and can often feel a sickness of heart and mind, that needs the "bandage of love."

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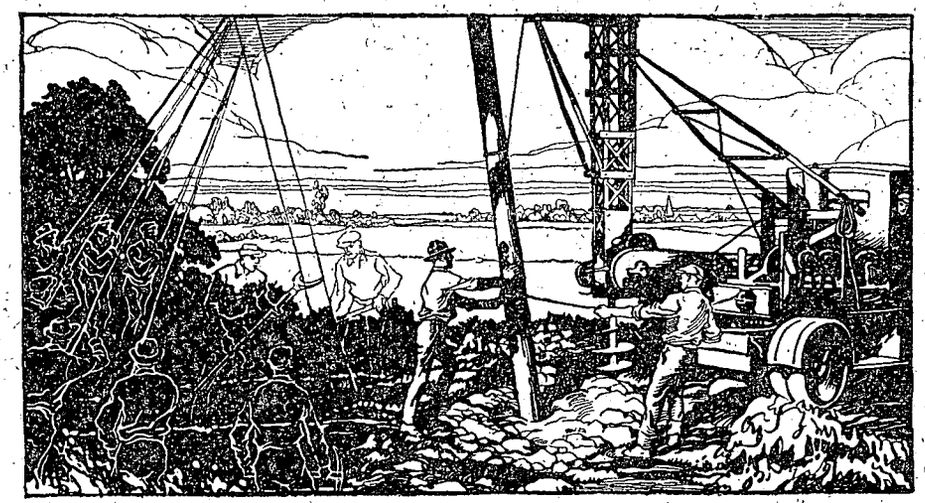

Multiplying Man-power

To the man with pick and shovel the digging of holes for telephone poles is a slow and arduous task. Under favorable soil conditions three to five holes are for him an average day's work. Under adverse conditions perhaps he can account for only one. When the hole is dug, eight or ten men are required to raise the pole with pikes.

But the hole-borer with derrick attached, operated by only three men, can erect as many as eighty poles in a day—releasing for other telephone work upwards of forty men.

Hundreds of devices to quicken telephone construction, to increase its safety to the employee, and to effect economies are being utilized in the Bell System. Experiments are constantly being made to find the better and shorter way to do a given job. Each tool invented for the industry must be developed to perfection.

In the aggregate these devices to multiply man-power mean an enormous yearly saving of time, labor and money throughout the whole Bell System. Without them telephone service would be rendered neither as promptly, as efficiently nor as economically as it is to-day.

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NOT so many years ago Diphtheria was the black enemy of childhood. All over the world it claimed a frightful toll. And the tragedy was that three-quarters of its victims were little tots under six—hardly more than babies. Swiftly it struck with deadly result—*without warning*—and there was no sure way to combat it.

Then came Antitoxin. Children who received this treatment at once enjoyed a better chance in their struggle for life. And the Diphtheria death rate was lowered. But Antitoxin is effective only after Diphtheria develops. It *checks* the progress of the disease—but it does not give lasting protection. Now comes a great triumph of medical science—the Prevention of Diphtheria!

Today, eminent specialists state positively and definitely that through modern preventive treatment—

Diphtheria can be stamped out!

Some children are able to resist the germs of Diphtheria. Others are not. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Schick of Vienna, is now being used to show which children need protection—which are susceptible and which are not. The Schick Test consists in giving the child a tiny injection in the skin of the arm. If, after a few days, a red spot appears where the injection was made, the child is susceptible. If no spot appears, the child is immune.

November is Danger-Time

Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges in the throat and later forms a membrane.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious.

Have your children's throats examined at the first suggestion of a cold or of a fever.

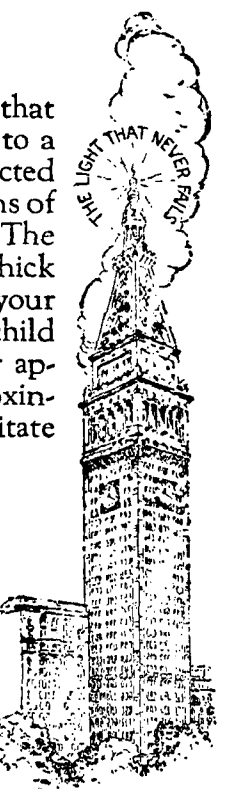
Seek medical advice on having your children Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who show by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the Toxin-Antitoxin Preventive Treatment. This treatment consists of three injections of Toxin - Antitoxin, one each week for three weeks.

The Schick *Test* does not make the child immune—but authorities agree that the Toxin - Antitoxin *Treatment* does. Experience shows that both test and treatment are painless and harmless.

If you love them—Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly scourge by means of the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest co-operation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Antitoxin treatment, do not hesitate to give permission.



Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1922, the rate declined 34.1 per cent. It is still lower so far in 1923.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and Its Prevention" to any one interested.

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TWO SECTIONS SECTION II

THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

Autumn Book Supplement

Vol. LI. No. 3 November 1, 1923

Movers and Shakers of the World

A Group of Life-Stories

G. STANLEY HALL
educational adventurer

CLIFFORD W. BEERS
prophet of mental health

WALTER H. PAGE
democrat

PIERRE and MARIE CURIE
heirs of Prometheus

HENRY FORD
master of the machine

G. STANLEY HALL has been one of the outstanding figures in American university life for thirty years or more. His fame began with his pioneering work at Johns Hopkins, where, as professor of psychology, he opened the first psychological laboratory in America. His initiative is shown in the facts that he was the organizer and first president of the American Psychological Association, and the founder of the American Journal of Psychology, the first strictly psychological journal to be published in this country. For thirty years he has been a leader in the "child study" movement. He was probably the first American to lecture on the Freudian movement in psychology, and in 1909 he brought both Freud and Jung to this country for a series of conferences and lectures. His standing in the university world thirty-five years ago is attested by the fact that he was selected, out of the whole field of American scholars, to be the president of the new Clark University, then being founded at Worcester, Massachusetts, as a new center of research and advanced instruction. Few American scholars have been responsible for so many permanent developments in the general field of education.

None the less, for nearly thirty years President Hall has been rather ruthlessly elbowed out of the ranks of the elect, both in psychology and in education. The reasons for this attitude have never been wholly clear to either side of the controversy. In his Life and Confessions of a Psychologist, President Hall recognizes this opposition, is disturbed, even amazed by it, but is never embittered or defeated. His opponents have always tried to make their attitude appear quite natural and self-explanatory; but the fact is they have always been a bit on the defensive about it, and that fact would seem to argue that their case always needed a little defense! This is, however, neither the time nor the place to inquire further into this most interesting question in contemporary science and good manners. Leaving that problem to the future, two interesting themes embedded in this autobiography engross our attention. The first is G. Stanley Hall, the person; the other, G. Stanley Hall, the professional man.

President Hall is able to trace his ancestry back five or six or seven generations on this continent, and in one or more lines still further on English soil. He was born in Ashfield, Massachusetts, in 1846. His childhood was spent on farms or in rural villages, a fact upon which he descants at great length in his autobiography:

> I have always been grateful not only that my early life was passed in the country and on a farm but in a community where life was close to nature and the simple virtues of industry, frugality and clean living were taught and exemplified. . . . Children had some part in almost all the activities on the farm which combine so many elements of the physical, industrial, civil and religious life of the citizen voters contemplated by the framers of our political institutions. Thus we went back to sources and made contact with the fresh primary thoughts, beliefs, feelings and modes of life of the race or of simple, homely, genuine, primitive men. . . . Individuality, if not more developed in the country than in the city, is less veiled by conventionalities so that basal traits are more apparent, and the relations between adults and children are closer. . . .
>
> I long since realized that childhood can never be complete or fully lived save in the country, and I would not now exchange my boyhood experiences with nature and the primitive industrial and social conditions under which I was reared . . . for any environment or training I could devise. The best education we can now give in industry, civics, physical culture, economics, morals and the rest does not begin to equal that

THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS OF A PSYCHOLOGIST, *by G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton and Co. 622 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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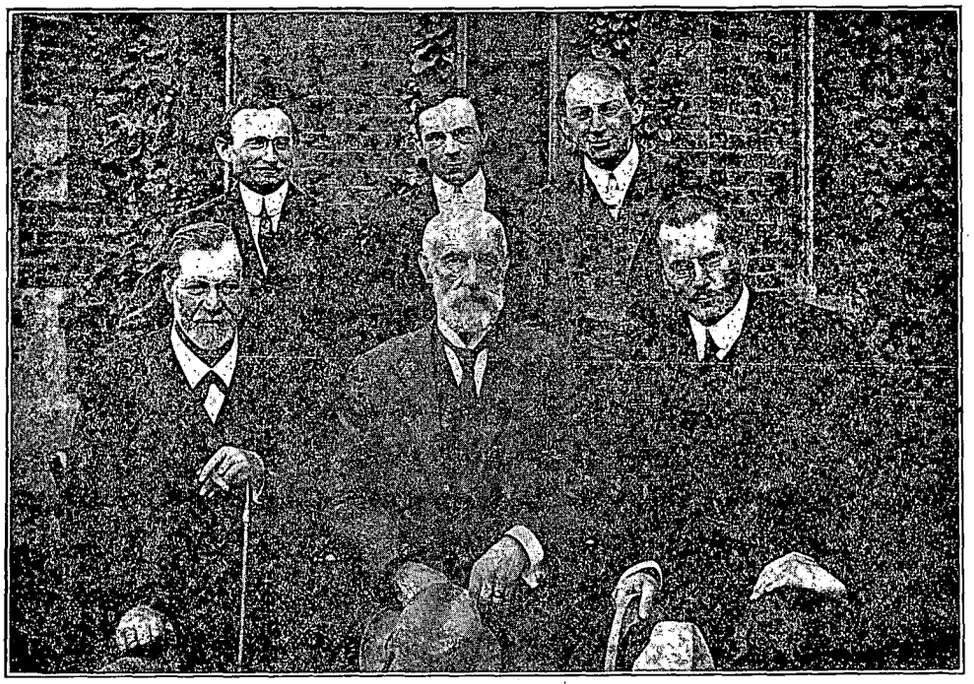

President Hall was probably the first American to lecture on the Freudian movement in psychology. This group at the Clark Conference in 1909 includes, left to right: front row, Freud, Hall, Jung; standing, Brill, Jones, Firenzi

afforded by the old New England farm as it existed a few generations ago, and this life when, where, and as I knew it was perhaps at its very best stage of development. . . .

These are, of course, heretical doctrines. Is it possible that in them may be found some little hint of one reason why so many academic men have been antagonistic to President Hall?

Young Hall was graduated from Williston Seminary, Easthampton, and sent on to Williams College, where he came into contact with President Mark Hopkins and Professor John Bascom, who was later, for many years, president of the University of Wisconsin.

As I look back on my four years here, it is to Bascom that I owe most. . . . Mark Hopkins towered above all his associates in the faculty . . . and was, indeed, a remarkable man. Of commanding stature and with an unusually impressive face, stately, with old-fashioned manners, venerable with age, wise and experienced in policies, we all looked forward with the liveliest anticipation to senior year during which he was the chief instructor. . . . There was nothing inchoate or unformed in his opinions.

Going to New York after graduation, he tried to become interested in theology, at Union Seminary; worked for the City Missionary Society in some of the lower slum districts; attended Henry Ward Beecher's church, became acquainted with Beecher, and through Beecher's efforts acquired the means to undertake graduate study abroad. He studied in Germany, taking a variety of courses, feeling about, trying to find his way. Returning, after three years, unsettled, discouraged, he passed through a period of depression, but finally accepted a position at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. After three years at Antioch, he resigned and started for Europe to study psychology with Wundt. But Harvard intercepted him and he was induced to teach there for a year. Disappointed in his expectations, he left for Europe, in 1876, knowing at last what it was he wanted to do: he wanted to become a psychologist, and he knew that the place to go for study was with Wundt at Leipsig.

In 1881 he was called to Johns Hopkins, to become professor of psychology and pedagogy. Here his real work began, and his fame as well. Called from Hopkins in 1888, he undertook the organization of Clark University. Here he was both president and professor of psychology and education—the position which he held until his retirement in 1920. From his study in Worcester have come the books and articles that have won him both admiration and bitter criticism. Here he is spending what he calls his "senescence," promising work more important than anything he has done hitherto.

As a psychologist, President Hall has been an innovator, a critic, a popularizer and a practician. His interests have spread over many fields, from the extreme experimental introspectionism of Wundt to the heterodox mysticism of the Freudians. His mind has never lingered long in one field: this, again, may help to account for the antagonism of the extreme specialists.

The story of his contributions to psychology is too long to be told here; the list of his books and articles is too long to be given. He has specially emphasized what he calls the genetic method, assuming that everything, including the human soul, has had its history. Surveying all fields from the standpoint of this genetic method, he has achieved an integrated outlook rare amongst our American psychologists. He holds that the over-specialized worker in the field of psychology may very well turn out to be a great stumbling block in the way, not alone of the student but of the progress of the science, itself. He believes that in the last two decades psychological progress in this country has declined. He suggests four reasons for this decline:

First, the developments fathered by Wundt have all been greatly vitiated by the fact that Wundt's own training was in physics rather than in biology and, hence, all the Wundtian psychology has been atomistic, like physics, rather than genetic, like biology.

Second, introspectionism, the method mostly employed in graduate departments of psychology, has become an academic search for "psychic elements," whereas there are no such things "but only psychic germs." Because introspectionism has become practically "a sect apart," it is responsible for the extreme reaction toward behaviorism.

Third, American orthodox psychology has ignored psychoanalysis and the study of the unconscious. In spite of the fact that the extreme Freudians are guilty of exaggerations that will not stand the test of time, "nothing since Aristotle's categories has gone deeper . . . or is destined to have such far-reaching influence and results" as the exploration of the vast regions of psychic life below the conscious levels, which is made possible by the Freudian mechanisms.

Fourth, the work of the intelligence testers must be taken

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into account. President Hall's opinions of tests and testers are so interesting and important that the whole passage which begins on page 13 should be read by every teacher.

Over against all these developments, each of which has added something to our knowledge of human nature, though each has failed and must fail to become the main channel of psychological advance, President Hall suggests that

> just now the most promising psychological lead seems to be the reëvaluation of human life, its *mores* and its institutions, by inquiring how they square with the vastly older basal instinct-feelings of the race—hunger, love, the herd, property, appetencies, and many others, concerning a list of which no two writers are agreed. . . . This is the testing of all institutions by the nature of man and not conversely. . . . The world problems are becoming more and more psychological and this places upon our science a responsibility which we are as yet far from being able to meet. . . . The world needs . . . a great synthetic movement which shall bring a new harmony to our now ominously divided efforts and set us again on the trail we have so unfortunately lost.

On the side of education, President Hall finds problems quite as great:

> In my judgment we need a radically new dispensation for education, a new and higher pedagogy and statesmanship that sees all things from the educational (which is so largely identical with the evolutionary) point of view, for this is the highest of all standpoints. Educational values are supreme over all others. . . . The time is cryingly in need of a great leader and of educational statesmen with visions and with faith who shall look over all the manifold factors of present-day civilization from the standpoint and the need of the rising generation . . . as Plato did in his ideal republic, which we know was conceived to save a state smitten with the seeds of decay; just as the great scheme of Comenius was to regenerate Europe after the Thirty Years' War; or as Rousseau seems to us to have been striving to anticipate and save France from the impending revolution. Unless the present extremity can produce such a man, not only shall we fail to realize the unique possibilities of the present era of opportunity but our very institutions themselves will suffer slow but sure decline, for never so much as now is education the one chief hope of the world.

It is true that throughout this book there are words, phrases and paragraphs with which critical readers will disagree. Some will see only the defects, as they have seen only the defects in the author's earlier works. It is true that the book carries evidence that President Hall is not yet completely acquainted with himself. Some will scold him for his final claim:

> I am far older than my years, for I have laid aside more of the illusions and transcended more of the limitations with which I started than most. In the view I have attained of man, his place in nature, his origin and destiny, I believe I have become a riper product of the present stage of civilization than most of my contemporaries, have outgrown more substitutions, attained clearer insights, and have a deeper sense of peace with myself.

But above and beyond all minor matters stands clear this one fact: that, here in this Life and Confessions of a Psychologist, America has achieved a more critical self-consciousness about psychology and education than can be found in any other single statement—a critical outlook which is of the essence of the need of our democracy. President Hall tells us that he has achieved "insight" and "peace." This is the supreme lesson of his life: insight and peace have come to him in an inseparable combination. It is his belief that the world must learn the same lesson: Peace is possible only through insight—and psychology, the science of human nature, is the key to both!

J. K. H.

CLIFFORD W. BEERS
Prophet of Mental Health

PHILIPPE PINEL, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, risked his life and liberty by undertaking to unshackle the insane, and by attempting to place them in hospitals for treatment as sick human beings.

Clifford W. Beers, through the imperilment of his life and an actual deprivation of liberty, has transformed our ideas concerning the management of the mentally diseased. His personal message has created a new understanding of the mentally afflicted. Through finding his own mind he was enabled to awaken and foster a public conscience against the incompetence, abuse, and injustice so prevalent in institutions for the mentally ill.

The idea of Bedlam, with all its brutality, foul oaths, bolts and chains, as part of the the accepted treatment of lunatics, was not far removed from the days when cages held exhibited wildmen. Charles Dickens, in his celebrated tale of St. Luke's Hospital (A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree) pleaded for humanity to replace brutality; kindness for maltreatment; peace for raging fury; the acquisition of love for hatred; and the knowledge that from such treatment improvement and hope of final restoration will come, if such hope be possible. The most active realization of this appeal of 1852 began in 1908, when social and psychiatric literature was enriched by A Mind that Found Itself.

The world may celebrate the tercentenary of Shakespeare's folio edition, but its social value has been inconsequential compared with this fifteen-year-old autobiography. Disregard its real literary excellence, ignore its merit as a psychologic document, cast aside its historical values, still one cannot escape its inspirational character, or fail to recognize its power as a social instrument for promoting human welfare. No single volume of the last half century has been so rich in promise, or so effective in performance as this description of a personality that could express itself to the governor of his state, while still an unbalanced inmate of a state institution for the insane: "I have decided to devote the next few years of my life to correcting abuses now in existence in every asylum in this country."

"My autobiography is a plea for mental sufferers and for work in prevention." Thus is stated the key-thought now tangibly expressed in the mental hygiene movement. The frankness, enthusiasm, and conscious purpose that motivated the author gave him the ability to convert an epic of personal suffering into a dynamic social agent. Thus was born the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, with twenty-six state societies and an international committee working for man's mental redemption. An excellent quarterly journal, psychiatric clinics, surveys of mental deficiency, and surveys of the care given the mentally diseased attest the soundness of his vision, the compelling truth of his revealed thinking and convictions, and, also, the contagious vigor of his humane doctrines. The conversion of the psychiatric viewpoint to focus upon prevention is a dream fulfillment fraught with greater significance to mankind than can arise from the actual necessary improvement of the methods of caring for the mentally sick.

A MIND THAT FOUND ITSELF, *by Clifford Whittingham Beers. Doubleday Page and Co. Revised edition. 1923. 411 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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A Phipps Psychiatric Clinic has been reared upon a site prepared by a man whose mental anguish might have been obviated, had such an institution been available for him before 1920.

A sensitive, introspective, morbidly worrying boyhood is succeeded by an adolescence dominated by the fear of epilepsy. College life is pervaded by increasing fears, productive of mental ill health and a general neurasthenic state. Three years after graduation an attack of grippe lowers his psychic control over thoughts and emotions, and a cerebral crash ensues. His dreads become delusions and his definite belief in his own epileptic state drives him to an attempt at suicide. His chaotic mental processes make him captive and he becomes the victim of delusions of persecution, referred to persons, objects, and events. Illusions, hallucinations, suicidal impulses, depression, mania, and elation wrack and torture him, until gradually mental order is regained and a basis for normal thinking returns.

Such is the narrative told without exaggeration or embellishment, in terms that stir sympathy and excite interest. This constitutes the literary revelation of the abnormal psychology of a man seized by Unreason. But the individual experience was to serve as the basis of an attempt at communal expiation. Laying bare the agonies of his own soul, he exposed the harsh terrorism of the unintelligent methods utilized in the management and treatment of the insane.

During the three years requisite to reestablish Reason he ran the gamut of inhumane experiences. He describes truthfully and vividly his enforced contacts with ignorance, social indifference, greed, political depravity, commercialism, and medical incompetence, as he suffered, opposed, and damned them.

With treatment at home, in a private sanitorium, in a private and a state institution for the insane, he secured a personal acquaintance with stupid, ignorant, brutal attendants, and indifferent, unthinking, and callous medical officials. He lived through institutional life from the padded cell and straight jacket to the unsupervised parole of a convalescent. Strangely he found an ennobled Reason through his Unreason. The stages whereby these were accomplished are clearly described, without rancor or regrets. Thanks to a fortunately retentive memory and numerous records written with secreted stumps of lead, the story is complete.

No one can fully appreciate the basic content of the modern psychiatric approach to human problems, without familiarity with this thrilling exposition of a mind in the making, unmaking, and remaking. Present day discussions of delinquents, defectives, dependents, special education, behavior, and all types of social maladjustments become vitalized and energized through reading this classic human revelation, which has given them a new and broader meaning.

Adolf Meyer coined the term Mental Hygiene to crystallize verbally Mr. Beer's constructive thinking, when he was seeking to transmute his period of mental suffering into a national movement to salvage those mentally afflicted and to safeguard countless fellow beings against an unreasoning punishment for being sick in mind. This extraordinary personal narrative thus became an impersonal abstraction—a lofty ideal—a spiritual force. A Mind that Found Itself is now found in every field of human endeavor, formulating plans and policies for developing a better understanding of man in his personal expressions and his social relations.

IRA S. WILE, M.D.

PIERRE AND MARIE CURIE

Heirs of Prometheus

After the death of Pierre Curie, the faculty and officials of the University of Paris decided to depart from all precedent and appoint a woman to a full professorship at the Sorbonne. Madame Curie accepted the appointment and the date was set for her installation. It was the history-making afternoon of October 5th, 1906. The members of the class which had formerly been instructed by Professor Pierre Curie were seated in one group. There was present a large crowd—celebrities, statesmen, academicians, all the faculty. Suddenly through a small side door entered a woman all in black, with pale hands and high arched forehead. The magnificent forehead won notice first. It was not merely a woman who stood before us, but a brain—a living thought. Her appearance was enthusiastically applauded for five minutes. When the applause died down, Madame Curie bent forward with slightly trembling lips. We wondered what she was about to say. It was important. It was history, whatever she said. In the foreground sat a stenographer, ready to record her words. Would she speak of her husband? Would she thank the Minister and the public? No, she began quite simply as follows:

"When we consider the progress made by the theories of radio-activity since the beginning of the Nineteenth Century.."

THAT story is told in the introduction written by Mrs. William Brown Meloney for Marie Curie's biography of her husband and in the light of that story the book should be read. The introduction, though far too full of sentiment and Mrs. William Brown Meloney, does really serve, as such disquisitions seldom do, to prepare you for the book. Marie Curie is interested, beyond everything else in heaven or earth, in science, but there was also one being for whom she cared supremely, perhaps because he came so close to realizing the scientific ideal. When, in writing her husband's life, she reaches a point where it is appropriate to describe the methods or results of his researches you can almost feel her draw a breath of relief and go on at heightened speed. And yet it is those portions of the biography which make the heaviest going for the lay reader.

But this is to put the emphasis too much on one side. Madame Curie is not a pure intellect devoid of feeling; her intimate relationships, though few, are strong and tender and profound. "I wish," she says in her preface, "that (this narrative) might remind those who knew him of the reasons for which they loved him"; and she writes throughout the book with the same simplicity and sincerity.

I wish that she had given us more of Pierre Curie's letters and diaries. She says she has always felt that, had he not devoted his life to science, her husband might have been a great man of letters and the extracts she quotes seem to justify her.

We have promised each other (is it not true?) to have, the one for the other, at least a great affection. Provided that you do not change your mind! For there are no promises which hold; these are things that do not admit of compulsion. It would, nevertheless, be a beautiful thing in which I hardly dare believe, to pass through life together hypnotized in our dreams: your dream for your country; our dream for humanity; our dream for science. Of all these dreams, I believe the last, alone, is legitimate. I mean to say by this that we are powerless to change the social order. Even if this were not true we should not know what to do. And in work-

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PIERRE CURIE, *by Marie Curie. Translated by Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg, with an introduction by Mrs. William Brown Meloney and autobiographical notes by Marie Curie. The Macmillian Company. 242 pp. Price $2.25 postpaid of The Survey.*

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ing without understanding we should never be sure that we were not doing more harm than good, by retarding some inevitable evolution. From the point of view of science, on the contrary, we can pretend to accomplish something. The territory is more solid and obvious, and, however small it is, it is truly in our possession.

There is in that letter to the young Polish girl whom he had met a few months before in Paris an almost perfect epitome of their life together.

And how profoundly the Curies affected the social order without attempting to! Marie Curie would like, I think, to affect it in certain respects by methods more rapid and direct than those of science. Without bitterness but nevertheless with strong conviction she writes of a society that offered to a scientist medals but not a laboratory; of a society that withheld university professorships from a man who had neither the time nor the temperament to seek them by ingratiating himself with the powers; of a society that forced a man with a rare gift for research to wear himself out in the preparation of lectures and the supervision of the laboratory work of students (not altogether a waste, that, for Pierre Curie was a true teacher and his pupils loved him); of a society that forced her, for it is to her of course that the actual discovery of radium is due, to spend four years on a task that might have been accomplished in one, simply because the plant and equipment at her disposal were so inadequate. Yet she says:

> My husband, as well as myself, always refused to draw from our discovery any material profit. We have published, since the beginning, without reserve, the process that we used to prepare the radium. We took out no patent and we did not reserve any advantage in any industrial exploitation. . . . I still believe that we have done right.

It gives one pause, the directness and simplicity and effectiveness of a life lived in the light of an immutable ideal.

MARGARET L. FARRAND

HENRY FORD
Master of the Machine

IT is an old saying that man is a tool-using animal. In our generation as typified by Henry Ford the description falls short of the fact. In Mr. Benson's volume one sees the man and the machine become one and inseparable. It is as if some modern Deucalion had cast behind him the bones of the earth which then took on life as the man-machine. For the story of Henry Ford as Mr. Benson tells it is essentially the story of the Ford automobile and the amazing industry that grew out of its invention. The wonder of that little machine is not so much that it has revolutionized transportation as that it is so completely the embodiment of the soul and character of an extraordinary man.

Henry Ford is *the* Ford; *the* Ford is Henry Ford. When they function together genius emanates from them. Ford apart from *the* Ford—Ford the politician, for instance—becomes an ordinary, even a commonplace man. Jacques Loeb, the biologist, has pointed out that for every species that survives thousands are created and perish. Thousands of inventions and inventors have been still-born because they came into an unfavorable environment. The Ford survived and flourished because, as Mr. Benson says, Henry Ford, as expressed in *the* Ford, is a distinct product of his age. He, like his machine embodiment, is here because the world needs him and his alter ego. "He fits into our necessities as a hand fits into a glove."

Mr. Benson has no thesis to prove, no ax to grind, no hero-worshiper's myth to establish. Indeed, reading the book, one gathers the impression that Ford and Benson are alien temperaments, that Benson is drawn to Ford, not by personal sympathy, but by objective curiosity which leads the scientist to concentrate upon and to record his observations of a rare and significant specimen. Except in his concluding chapter on Ford and the Presidency, in which he permits his feelings to rise in revolt against Ford the politician's crass statement that "there is going to be another world war anyway and the United States should get into it at the beginning and clean them all up"—Mr. Benson has kept himself out of his narrative and has given us a portrait almost photographic in its vivid objectivity.

Ford and *the* Ford were born and grew up together. "I remember well," said Mr. Ford, "saying to John Fowler, a little boy who owned a tricycle upon which he used to let me ride, that if we could only attach an engine to the tricycle it could drive itself. I was then 13 years old." The creative idea, analogous to that given to Deucalion by the oracle, was in Ford's head when he reached the threshold of adolescence. It possessed him then and has continued to possess him ever since. Mr. Benson's story of how the idea struggled its way into concrete embodiment is fascinatingly direct and simple.

But the marvel of it lies not so much in the fact that Mr. Ford has become the richest man in the world—a fact Mr. Benson finds it difficult not to overstress, in spite of Mr. Ford's protestations that he has no interest in money policies upon which it rests. In 1914, Mr. Ford was "transformed from a citizen of Detroit to a citizen of the world" by his announcement of his $5 a day minimum wage and his $10,000,000 profit-sharing plan, which broke upon the business community like a "bombshell." "Employers of labor were shaken no less than workingmen, but for quite a different reason. What was to become of the labor market? Who would be satisfied to work for $2 or $3 a day if he knew Ford was paying $5 for the same labor? Bankers who had lent money to employers thus troubled added their voices to the chorus of complaint. They severely frowned upon Ford for his foolish act. They said that it was 'uneconomic,' that it was 'founded upon a fallacy' and that his plan would fail." It yielded the harvest of seed sown on good ground.

Ford's business policy is equally unusual. "I always fix my selling price below what appears to be the cost of production," Mr. Benson quotes him as saying. "The increased volume of business is sure to reduce the cost of production thus giving a profit." Not many men have the administrative genius to meet the challenge of such a policy; the means by which Ford has met it have made his plants the outstanding examples of efficient quantity production. "I asked him," writes Mr. Benson, "what were the principles underlying his theory of production and shop management. 'The main thing is to make every move count,' he replied. 'In most places there is too little thinking in the office and too much lifting in the plant. We found that our engine blocks were traveling more than 4,000 feet from the time they entered the plant until they were installed and ready

THE NEW HENRY FORD, *by Allan Benson. Funk & Wagnalls. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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to run away under their own power. By a little planning, we reduced this to 300 feet. Considering that we make a million cars a year, you will see that we saved carrying 300,000,000 pounds of steel two-thirds of a mile. Conveyors, electric cranes and other similar devices should be used to the fullest extent." By such means applied to a thousand details of the production process Ford has been able to make profits rise by steadily reducing prices.

"Henry Ford will necessarily be remembered in the United States for centuries," Mr. Benson believes. "Often, when he was talking with me, a little inquiry arose in the back of my head as to the thing for which he would be best remembered. After much consideration, I reached the conclusion that future generations would honor Ford most, not because he acquired a billion dollars by paying better wages and selling good automobiles for less than anybody else; nor because of his marvelous ability as an industrial organizer; nor because he took the first great steps to stop the waste of water power; but because he revolutionized agriculture. . . . Henry Ford is the first man in twenty centuries who has evolved a fundamentally new idea with regard to farming." Mr. Benson's exposition of this new idea as Ford gave it to him would seem to warrant his prediction. It is in some respects the most enthralling chapter in his volume. It alone makes the book worth reading. It makes one feel that on the whole the oracle that guided Henry Ford was a greater than the oracle that spoke to Deucalion.

R. W. B.

WALTER H. PAGE
Democrat

THERE is a story of an old trunk full of papers that cumbered up office space at Doubleday Page and Co.'s at Garden City. Some years ago it was put out of the way in a barn or cellar, and a janitor one day burned the whole outfit. That was a costly bonfire; costly to all of us, for it contained, so the story goes, the early letters of Walter H. Page; and when, after his death, his associate, Mr. Hendrick, set to work on the two volumes of his life and letters, the gap could not be filled.

And no one who reads the letters, buoyant, racy, frank, prophetic, flaying, flaming, that make up his official and private correspondence as ambassador can but yearn for a bulging file which would run over the domestic life of America with the same human insight, the same fervor and penetration—the same outspoken bias, if you will—with which he has recorded his war-time impressions of England.

That is doubtless one reason why, of the nearly nine hundred pages of the two volumes, just a hundred are given over to his reconstruction boyhood in the South, his childhood in North Carolina, his youth in Virginia and Maryland, his student days here (he was one of the first postgraduate fellows at Johns Hopkins) and in Germany, his newspaper work on the St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette where he succeeded Eugene Field, on the Raleigh (North Carolina) Chronicle, which he founded in the 80's, and on the New York Evening Post; his editorial regeneration of The Forum and The Atlantic and his founding of the World's Work in 1900 as an insurgent magazine, which should thresh over none of the old straw but set out to elicit the "new impulse in American life, its new feeling of maturity, our coming to realize ourselves." "To my mind," he said, "there is greater promise in democracy than men of any preceding period even dared to dream of—aggressive democracy—growth by action. Our writers (the few we have) are yet in the pre-democratic era. When men's imaginations lay hold on the things that already begin to appear above the horizon, we shall have something worth reading." "At present," he added, "I can do no more than bawl out, 'See here are the new subjects.' One of these days somebody will come along who can write about them."

That he could do more than "bawl" a hope is attested not only by his own writings but by his unexampled record as an editorial ringmaster in New York and Boston, for it was Page who with his abounding inquisitiveness and his rare talent for human discovery, got Woodrow Wilson to pass in review the several elements that made the nation, Booker T. Washington to picture the awakening of the Negro, John Muir to enlighten Americans upon our beauties of nature, Jacob A. Riis to tell about the Battle with the Slum and so on—to the end of a long list.

No doubt there was another reason for the disproportionate space given to the war papers. In the mind of Mr. Page, of his biographer, of the public at the time these volumes were brought out, the war and his service overseas, to which he had given up the last full measure of his years and strength, loomed up as of engrossing importance. His are at once the most informal and revealing of diplomatic papers. He pinned his faith on unison of the English speaking peoples as a solvent for the world's troubles; on navies speaking the same language with tongues and guns. That was the second of the fundamental convictions forged by a lifetime's experience as set down by him in July, 1916. The first, which can be taken with less reservation, was his overwhelming faith in democracy.

This faith in democracy of his and an unflagging and zestful lifetime spent in its works may in the long run bulk larger in men's eyes than war-service which has had such meed of appreciation. At least this volume of life and letters has been out long enough so that attention may be redirected to those first hundred pages: to the romance of a southerner, ahead of his time, who was balked as a young journalist in the 80's in his aggressive work in and for his native state, but who went back again and again to bear a hand in the upbuilding in southern life.

His work on Roosevelt's Country Life Commission, on the Southern and General Education Boards stand out. Just as, as an editor, he brought out the messages of men and women who were contributing to the common welfare, so as a creative citizen he gave backing and fellowship at crucial times to Charles D. McIvar and Edwin A. Alderman in their early fight for elementary education, to Robert C. Ogden and Wallace Butterick and the other pioneers who blazed the way for the great Rockefeller work in education, to Dr. Seaman A. Knapp in his farm demonstration plan that was to revolutionize agriculture in the South, and to Dr. Charles W. Stiles and Dr. Wickliffe Rose in their fight against the hookworm which has led on to the world-wide combat against disease under the International Health Board. The chapters of those developmental years

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, *by Burton J. Hendrick. Doubleday Page & Co. 2 vols. 873 pp. Price* $10.00 *postpaid of The Survey.*

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read like a fairy story. They should be published separately, and seeded down throughout the South. It was Page who gave the Southland its watch cry against illiteracy—"The Forgotten Man." The memoranda he put in the hands of President Wilson on his first election was a charter for the restoration of country life. Even a tablet at Westminster cannot compare with the creed of democracy which in 1897 he offered to take the place of the ecclesiastical creed that had guided North Carolina for so many generations. It ran:

"I believe in the free public training of both the hands and the mind of every child born of woman.

"I believe that by the right training of men we add to the wealth of the world. All wealth is the creation of man, and he creates it only in proportion to the trained uses of the community; and the more men we train the more wealth everyone may create.

"I believe in the perpetual regeneration of society, and in the immortality of democracy and in growth everlasting."

P. U. K.

Yes, We Have No Books

By LEON WHIPPLE

DARE we make the "people" read "serious books"? After twenty years as a journalist I have become awed by the stubborn resistance of the people to that process. Such a persistent and universal indifference is a fact so impressive that it cannot be dismissed lightly. The people may be right. They may be guided by a kind of brute wisdom about their literary diet akin to the instinct that made ham and eggs, bananas, and peanuts the people's choice of foods even before the dietitian learned that these were extraordinarily cheap sources of calories. So I use "dare" in a very real sense, to suggest that by making the people read our so-called serious books, we may do them harm in two ways: first, by giving them information which, though both modern and scientific, proves in a little while unfortunately to be untrue; and second, by implanting in them confusions, doubts, agnosticisms, and fears that may make them as sterile and neurasthenic as are too many of the authors of the serious books. The admission by scientists and social workers that they have achieved rather less than they lay claim to urges me to trust, in part at least, the instinct of the people a while longer.

We are, however, in the midst of a movement to remold the mind and psychology of the populace. Education and thought must be made scientific. The pages of The Survey prove this. Dr. Joseph K. Hart, editor for education, says that education must be integrated (or some such word) with the community; there must be a readjustment between teaching and life. Professor James Harvey Robinson in his recent charming and inspiring essays on The Humanizing of Knowledge[1] declares that knowledge must be humanized into something both intelligible and desirable. The goals of the adult education and workers' education movements seem to be much the same thing.

Now the ambitious undertaking which these parties are set upon seems to be that of making the human race the self-conscious director of its own course, and that of course implies that we know something about the human race, and how we units thereof think and act, and that we are also provided with all the present data of knowledge that will enable us to make a choice. I think this is the unexpressed premise of both integration and humanizing.

Therefore, we come to the business of overcoming the age-long indifference to serious books, and of providing a technique of writing and publishing that will reach the populace with concrete information, and with manuals on their intellectual history, social institutions, psychological determinism, and evolutionary drift. This is a noble aim, and a necessary step; but its proponents seem not fully to appreciate its subtle and dangerous nature. Nor do they seem to have studied the literary behaviorism of masses of barely literate human beings as carefully as have the editors of the so-called "yellow press." Until they do, we shall be forced, in reply to a demand for their kind of books, to reply with polite optimism: Yes, we have no books, today.

The optimism is because Professor Robinson has given, in the final chapter of The Humanizing of Knowledge, a clear and interesting description of the kind of book he believes we need; and because the Workers' Education Bureau[2], in connection with the George H. Doran publishing company, is experimenting in the actual production of such volumes. Professor Robinson wants books of serious content, written by men of scholarly or scientific expertness, yet so compact in physical format and precise field covered, so simple in arrangement and style, and so humanly interesting and readily comprehended that they will really reach the people of average intelligence, and give them the data of current knowledge and the viewpoint of science on their lives and problems.

In a style which is in most ways a model for such books, he points out that now our serious books are written by scholars for scholars, the authors not wanting popularity, or the reputation of "culture-spreaders." He writes:

> The spectre haunts them, not of a puzzled and frustrated reader, but of a tart reviewer, likely to accuse them of superficiality or inaccuracy. . . . The style is still under a tenacious scholastic tradition . . . We sadly need something between the half-academic phraseology used in most so-called popular works, and the other extreme of "journalese" with its condescending intimacy and jocosity . . . The new literary ambition should be to bring home to the greatest possible number of readers as much knowledge as possible in the most pleasing, effective and least misleading manner . . . Few indeed there are who have this ambition, combined with the requisite knowledge, skill, and sympathetic imagination to achieve it. Of all literary forms it is probably the most difficult and exacting.

The authors, says Professor Robinson, must achieve three things: (1) the attention of the reader, wooed or con-

[1] THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE, *by James Harvey Robinson. George H. Doran Co. 117 pp. Survey Associates Edition. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

[2] THE CONTROL OF WAGES, *by Walton Hamilton. George H. Doran Co. Price $1.50 cloth, $.50 paper, postpaid of The Survey.*

WOMEN AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT, *by Alice Henry. George H. Doran Co. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

JOINING IN PUBLIC DISCUSSION, *by Alfred Dwight Sheffield. George H. Doran Co. Price $1.25 cloth, $.50 paper, postpaid of The Survey.*

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quered; (2) a presentation of facts and information in terms and in an order which will be understood by the reader and will fit into his way of looking at things; (3) the significance of the information in its bearing on the reader's thought and conduct and his judgment of others should be wisely suggested. The author would be wise to include only what he recalls as part of his own everyday thinking; and wiser still if he casts his thought in something that resembles story form. Such books should be short—something between the incomplete and ephemeral magazine article and the too too solid treatise of a hundred thousand words. And they should be not "outlines" or "elements" but on some "rather specific theme near and dear to a great many of us."

Here is an ideal, well set forth. The realization thereof, however, in the books issued by the Workers' Education Bureau is but partial. It has grouped its first publications under the title "The Workers' Bookshelf" which is described in its literature as "a series of modern, constructive books on Labor, Science, and Literature for Men and Women of the Labor Movement." Overlooking the excess of capital letters in this bit of formula, and the apparent narrowing of the audience to the labor movement, let us examine the shelf. There have been published the following: The Humanizing of Knowledge by Robinson; The Control of Wages by Walton Hamilton, Amherst emigré; Women and the Labor Movement by Alice Henry; and Joining in Public Discussion by Alfred D. Sheffield. In Preparation are: The Policies of American Trade Unions by Leo Wolman; Cooperative Movement by James B. Warbasse; and Workers' Health by Emery R. Hayhurst.

Most of the authors are of the college professor type—reformed perhaps, but still likely to carry about their thinking and writing some of Professor Robinson's "tenacious academic tradition." Three at least suffer from the ineradicable Ph. D. Of their special knowledge there can be no doubt, but of their gifts for "the most difficult and exacting of literary forms" assurance is less immediate. We miss the names of those who certainly have this rare gift, say Dr. E. E. Slosson, or Professor Charles Beard who is content to remain modestly on the editorial committee.

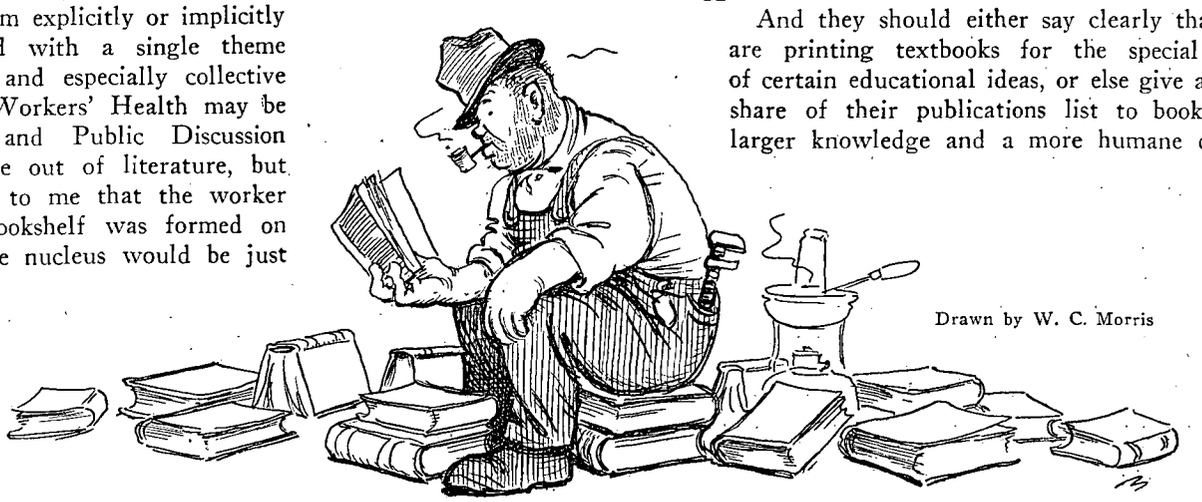
These names will perhaps appear later, when the list lengthens as it must do, for the foreword in each volume declares "The books will not be limited either in the range of subjects or in number." This promise is a little puzzling, for the list as given surely seems a bit limited in range. These volumes, with the exception of Professor Robinson's essay, seem explicitly or implicitly concerned with a single theme—labor, and especially collective labor. Workers' Health may be science, and Public Discussion may arise out of literature, but it seems to me that the worker whose bookshelf was formed on the above nucleus would be just the narrow, class-conscious, and illiberal person we are anxious to reconstruct into an Athenian spaciousness of outlook.

Of course, the foreword declares that "in a strict sense these books may become the textbooks for use in the development of the movement for workers' education," and as texts for special classes we at once admit their admirableness. But even here one may ask: Are the workers to be educated only in the knowledge that they are workers? And one may wonder, in a sort of mid-Victorian simplicity, whether some of William Morris's ideas on craftsmanship could not be edited into a text for men and women workers?

Yet the foreword of this series goes on to a finer hope. "In a larger sense, they will become the nucleus of a library for workingmen. The fact that these titles are prepared for a particular group will not restrict their interest for the general reader, it will enhance it." This last sounds apologetic rather than logical or convincing. But anyhow we have difficulty picturing the general or particular reader getting his start in culture or knowledge in a hall bed-room upon whose one bare pine shelf stand these volumes. The workers' bookshelves we have seen most generally had for nucleus such epistles as those of Tom Paine, or Robert Ingersoll, Brann, the Iconoclast or Jack London, Elbert Hubbard, Edward Bellamy, or Bernard Shaw; and not infrequently Ivanhoe, the Three Musketeers, Pitman's Improved Shorthand, or the justly famed classics of the International Correspondence School. The worker who had for a library nucleus the volumes of the Workers' Bookshelf might become class conscious, he might become educated, he might even be integrated, but he would hardly ever be humanized.

Seriously, this fine effort to help the workers and men generally to be wiser and broader seems to be suffering from a duality of purpose. It writes itself down as intended "primarily to satisfy the cultural aspirations of the men and women workers in industry" and promises to select titles that will "enrich life, illumine human experience, and deepen men's understanding." Yet it is really printing a series of text books of very special and technical interest, doubtless of value to many working-people, and so well done that some of them have even penetrated into the class-rooms of regular colleges. And it seems to me that the editors have fallen into many of the errors of the old-line academician. They are neglecting many of Professor Robinson's sound suggestions.

And they should either say clearly that they are printing textbooks for the special needs of certain educational ideas, or else give a larger share of their publications list to books of a larger knowledge and a more humane culture.



Drawn by W. C. Morris

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Survey Reading Lists: I—Psychiatry and Mental Hygiene

By BERNARD GLUECK, M. D.

Dr. Glueck is director of the Bureau of Children's Guidance, conducted by the New York School of Social Work and a part of the Commonwealth Fund program for the prevention of juvenile delinquency. We asked him, as a leading psychiatrist, to suggest the half-dozen books which in his opinion would serve best to start a reader on the road to some understanding of this new and enormously significant technique for the adjustment of personality. This is his answer.

YOUR inquiry raises difficulties which confront not only the beginner but those who have given the subject much study. In the first place, the entire subject—the nature of the human personality and the dynamics of human behavior—still needs a deal of clarification, and current practice in psychiatry and mental hygiene is based on principles which are still subject to no little controversy. The beginner cannot be directed to any one point of view as an absolutely dependable starting point. There is, for instance, the very important decision which one must inevitably make sooner or later as to whether a man is or is not a purposive being; should one align himself with those who champion McDougall's view of human nature or with Watson and those who view human nature from a purely mechanistic-behavioristic standpoint?

When one comes to consider the abnormal in human behavior similar difficulties are met from the outset, in connection with the important problems which surround the question of causation. Here the organicists and functionalists present seriously conflicting viewpoints which, at least to the uninitiated, are very confusing.

In spite of these general issues of a fundamental nature one can, however, make a fairly orderly approach to the subjects. The biological sciences are the sources from which we must get our data concerning origins in human personality and behavior, and the student may first of all be referred to literature which presents this information in an orderly fashion. I know of no better book for the beginner than Parmelee's Science of Human Behavior; and for a clear-cut lucid presentation of the structure and organization of the human nervous system and of the traditional views regarding the development of the mind, Goddard's Psychology of the Normal and Subnormal. These two books, in connection with Holmes' Trend of the Race, ought to orient the reader with respect to the fairly generally accepted views of the biological and psychological antecedents of behavior and the practical implications of heredity and eugenics.

At this point the reader will find in McDougall's Social Psychology a very helpful synthesis and a rounded view of man pursuing his daily wants, provided one sees in McDougall's categorizations merely a helpful means toward a better understanding of human nature, and not the final word regarding the constitution of man and the nature of human motivation.

The transition from the traditional view of academic and laboratory psychology to the more or less radically different conception of man brought forth by Freud and the psychoanalytic school of psychology can best be made by means of Tansley's very excellent The New Psychology and Its Relation to Life. Such instances of forced formulation as this book reflects are in themselves harmless and rather helpful for the beginner.

The reader is now confronted with the choice of reading either the original writings of Freud, Jung, Adler and of the American psychiatrists such as Meyer, White, Southard, Campbell and others, or some of the more popular and less technical presentations of psychopathology. He will probably find Bernard Hart's Psychology of Insanity most useful as an introduction to the field of mental abnormality as viewed by the psychoanalytic school, and White's Outlines of Psychiatry a most lucidly organized statement of its field.

The intelligent student will hardly require further specific guidance from this point on, but for a technical and extremely stimulating statement of the philosophy underlying the significant trends in this entire field he might turn to White's Foundations of Psychiatry.

Of the more recent books in the field of psychoanalysis I would like to mention one as particularly useful for the social case-worker who views his problems from the point of view of psychoanalysis; Flügel's Psychoanalytic Study of the Family. In the field of childhood psycho-pathology the Outlines of Child Study, published last year by the Federation for Child Study, is an extremely useful guide for systematic study.

I have practically abandoned the attempt to have my own students cover any specific texts, but I am attempting to get them acquainted with the subject of human conduct by means of analyses of actual situations, referring them to the reading matter indicated by the problems raised in the classroom.

Dr. Glueck Recommends

THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR, *by Maurice Parmelee. Macmillan Co. 1921. Price $2.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE NORMAL AND SUBNORMAL, *by Henry H. Goddard. Dodd, Mead and Co. 1921. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE TREND OF THE RACE, *by Samuel J. Holmes. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1921. Price $4.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, *by William McDougall. Luce and Co. 1921. Price $1.75 postpaid of The Survey. 14th edition.*

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND ITS RELATION TO LIFE, *by A. G. Tansley. Dodd, Mead and Co. Revised edition, 1922. Price $4.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INSANITY, *by Bernard Hart. Macmillan Co. 1912. Price $1.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

OUTLINES OF PSYCHIATRY, *by William A. White. Nervous and Mental Disease Publication Co., Washington. 1921. Price $4.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

FOUNDATIONS OF PSYCHIATRY, *by William A. White. Nervous and Mental Disease Publication Co., Washington. 1921. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

PSYCHOANALYTIC STUDY OF THE FAMILY, *by J. Flügel. International Psychoanalytic Press, London. 1921.*

OUTLINES OF CHILD STUDY, *Prepared by the Federation for Child Study. Macmillan Co. 1922. Price $1.80 postpaid of The Survey.*

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Doors Opened Southward

By BRUNO LASKER

SOME outstanding recent contributions to the literature of race relations came up for discussion the other day. It was agreed that much of that literature is worthless—and not least that part of it which has been planned on the most extensive and "scientific" lines. The reason for this was found to lie in the curious distortion of judgment which so often takes place when people are "looking for facts," when they are trying to present these "without bias" in the light of cold abstraction rather than warm emotional interest. For example, if you were to take H. G. Wells's personal likes and dislikes out of his Outline of History, you would have left a jumble of statements concerning the development of civilization not only less appealing but also less true. An album of photographs of Rembrandt's fellow citizens would tell us less about them than his drawings and paintings—unless the photographer happened to be as great an artist.

So it is that the social student is becoming more and more dubious of the value of fact surveys made in a spirit of quasi-scientific aloofness. He finds that too often material conditions are described in tedious detail and mental states hardly touched upon at all. But in most cases it is exactly the psychology of the situation—which the ordinary technique of the surveyor usually does not suffice to ascertain—that contains the more important "facts."

ALL this in preface of a request for a new kind of approach by social workers to what is usually called "social fiction." Too often such literature is regarded merely as additional documentary evidence concerning conditions, less reliable than the specialist's report because the novelist lacks the investigator's training, is free to modify the record of his observations to suit his artistic aim. But it is a mistake to read the social novel as though it were inferior sociology. Art has its own truth, far more penetrating often than the truth of photographic description. Often it has a deeper understanding, a truer interpretation of motives and behavior.

So Waldo Frank's latest book is welcomed here not as a new "document" on race relations in the South in the accepted meaning of that term but as a great achievement in penetrating to the heart of the matter. It may possibly be said that the situations and people he portrays are not "typical"; nevertheless the reader instinctively feels that they are true. We even go so far as to assert that if there were no such towns as his Nazareth, no such Negroes as his John Cloud and Mary Cartier, no such white girls as his Virginia Hade, this book would still be a revelation of truth.

FIFTY years from now, Holiday will probably stand out in American literature as a new landmark. It is only a short novel or a long "short story"; but within its compass the author has achieved, better than in his longer novels, a striking artistic result by applying the expressionist theory and method to fiction in the English language. That theory, put most briefly, is that it is not what the artist sees and hears but what he feels in seeing and hearing that matters most. If he is a painter, he records not what the eye might see at a particular moment but with it (and it is much less than is usually assumed) the memories, longings, incidental ideas and whims set free by that seeing; if he is a writer he tells us not only what his subjects look like, how they move and what they say but also the elusive mingling of their thoughts and emotions as they move and talk. The expressionist looks upon this as so essential that he breaks through all traditional rules of style and creates new precedents. It is not at all likely that Frank's particular method represents a new direction which American fiction will follow, though he will have his imitators, like Walt Whitman in an earlier generation. His achievement lies rather in the opening the doors of a cramping tradition for all who may to escape to fresh experiment.

This he has done, in the present case, with a work of convincing beauty. Not that the little book is without flaws. One feels at times that the author is leaning too consciously on the precedents set by modern painters; his descriptive palette, often the very subject matter of his work, is theirs. Some passages bear evidence of over-refinement; others are obscure. Sometimes the progress is interrupted by passages too static.

The following passage shows Frank's method at its best:

> The longing of white Nazareth is the pier: Nazareth's longing for a towered world of trolleys and department stores and liners from Honduras plethoric with fruit. The pier is very long. It is rickety, moldy, bulging. It is narrow, it is uneven, its railings are gapped. It is full of boards splintered, boards dangerous to step on, boards with nails gaping orange through a spray of rot. The pier is the cluttering broken wooden will of the town, thrust out ... half mile of water ... into the bay of the world.

This paragraph is not only good subjective description but incidentally tells us much we need know in the course of his story about the white people of this southern town.

Compared with Holiday, Cane is fragmentary. In this medley of poems, sketches and short stories, Frank—for is not "Jean Toomer" a polite fiction?—exhibits the methods of his workshop rather than his finished product. (By the way, we here assume the attitude of a certain critic in the present Rembrandt controversy who said, "What does it matter whether Rembrandt painted those pictures or Bols, so long as they are genuine Rembrandts!") But as many prefer Rembrandt's pen scratchings on bits of paper to his paintings, so some readers will find even greater beauty and more truth in these fragments from the emotional life of colored folks picked up at random in the streets of a little Georgia town, of Washington and of Chicago.

Both books give us lifelike portrayals of the American Negro, somewhat exaggerated no doubt on the sensual side, somewhat insufficient on the intellectual, because of the method employed. The picture of Negro mentality obtained by the average investigator with his notebook is almost always over-rationalized. Frank-Toomer has not inter-

HOLIDAY, *by Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright. 233 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
CANE, *by Jean Toomer. Introduction by Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright. 239 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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viewed him, has not asked opinions about him, has not drawn conclusions about him from his reactions to outside stimuli, but has made the much more searching, the much more self-forgetting effort of seeing life with him, through him. How rare the faculty is for doing this successfully, must be evident to any student of the literature on race relations. Maybe our author has not succeeded completely either; maybe his models were chosen from too limited a sympathy, seen in too limited a circle of moods. But what there is of interpretation has the quality of life and, thereby, of truth. Here is a sample from Holiday. The Negro, walking to work in the morning, enters the white world:

The path's a road. Rail fences, telegraph posts, imported Duroc hogs red as the clay they snout . . . a mile of farm and orchard disdaining Nazareth. Lean pines cupped for the turpentine, tall bloodless trees rising like white folk from the cloudy earth ... a gully dry and lush, spanned by an iron bridge (niggers built it and twenty white men have their names on the plate) ... white Nazareth.

The Run of the Shelves

Many of the books here listed without comment will be reviewed in later issues of The Survey

Social Practice

CHILDREN ASTRAY, *by Saul Drucker and Maurice Beck Hexter. Introduction by Richard C. Cabot. Harvard University Press. Price* $3.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*

ANY addition to the stock of published case material is more than acceptable to that growing number of social workers and teachers whose duty it is to induct beginners into the intricacies of social casework. When that case material has the merits of a clear, orderly, and interesting presentation, an illuminating introduction and a selection of twenty-four cases which illustrate the possibilities of a form of treatment—in this instance, the use of orphanages for difficult children—it comes as an even more welcome contribution. These cases are drawn from the experience of the Boston Home for Jewish Children of which one of the authors is the superintendent. In that capacity he acted as the case worker who handled these children's problems.

In the just emerging technique of case presentations there seem to be two questions which stand out prominently. The first of these relates to the description and analysis of *all* of a human being. As Dr. Cabot points out in his introduction, "Those responsible for this book are quite aware that they have pictured in it only certain episodes or periods in the lives of twenty children." Although they do give what would be considered, in the present development of casework, good pictures of the social background and the developmental history of the individual, much must of necessity have been omitted. The task still remains for the case worker to bring into existence case records which are comparable, in the detail and depth of analysis, to the studies of individual lives that have been made by literary artists.

The second relates to the manner in which the treatment is described. The data with reference to each child is grouped under the four heads (1) the Problem, (2) the Analysis, (3) the Treatment, and (4) the Result. Under the first two headings are facts about the child's behavior in contact with family, school and with other social groupings and facts about his physical and mental condition and development and his social background. These data are all arranged in a clear, analytical fashion under appropriate headings and subheadings. When one comes to the section on treatment, while he rejoices with Dr. Cabot that the story has been made interesting with word pictures and with bits of conversation, he does miss a similar analysis of the treatment processes. From the teaching standpoint it would have been very helpful if the reader had been taken into the author's confidence as to what they considered the more fruitful forms of treat- (*Continued on page* 194)

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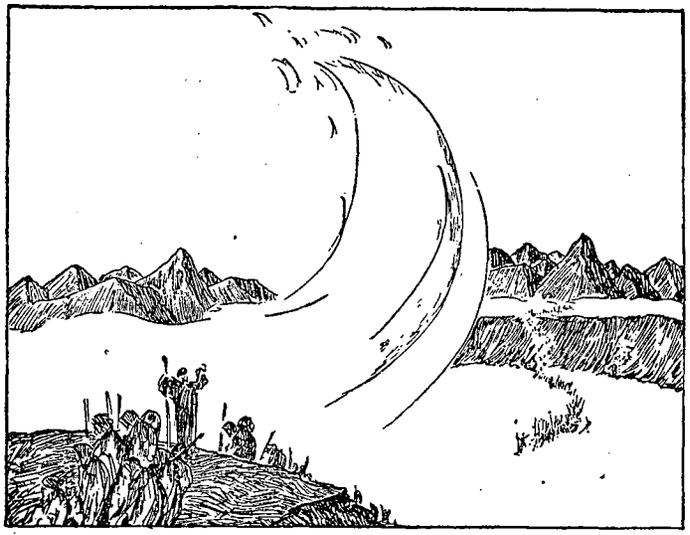

A terrible wave destroyed Pharaoh and his armies

Mr. Van Loon In

ZEPHANIAH — HAGGAI — ZECHARIAH — MALACHI! Forty Sunday-School voices hurrying in sing-song cadence to the triumphant conclusion of the "books of the Old Testament."

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Verses read in turn at morning prayers—verses, like Melchizidek, without beginning and without end, and but vaguely related to the school day so soon to follow.

Uneasy sampling of the Apocalypse, not without gloomy but fascinating forebodings as to one's ultimate and highly colorful doom.

Judith and Holofernes, discovered in an odd volume in the attic, and so much more exciting and enjoyable for not being *quite* biblical.

Psalms memorized. Chapters of Isaiah, read on a morning of comfortable truancy from church, and proving somehow moving and beautiful . . .

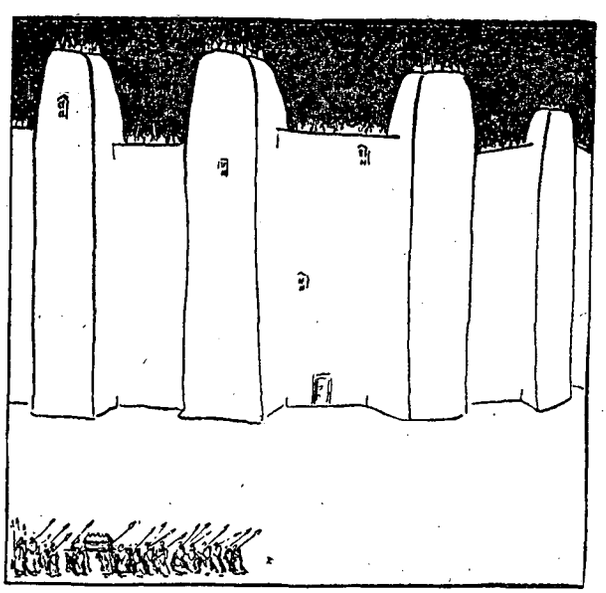
How is a person brought up according to the mores of the past century to disentangle himself from the thousand and one associations which have clustered around the concept of bible and read this new Story of the Bible as it should be read, with detachment and a fresh mind? Those born in the present century will have no such difficulty, to judge from the testimony repeatedly offered by teachers in school and college who find their classes, for the most part, innocent of any acquaintance whatever with holy writ. The book should be judged by its effect on a contemporary pagan child. Instead, it will be reviewed by several hundred people whose first concern is to see how much evolution Van Loon has put into the Bible, or how many miracles he has left out, or how "reverent" he has been, or whether he takes a crack at the fundamentalists. Ninety-nine per cent of his readers—of those, at least, who have read the Bible—will say at one page or another: "Well, I don't think *that's* much of an improvement!" (The present reviewer has no desire to be exclusive: he said it himself when the still small voice reappeared as a "thin silence.") Whereas the really interesting aspect of this latest adventure of Mr. Van Loon's is the simple objectivity of the whole performance—in itself a striking psychological achievement.

The author is sufficiently disarming in his own effort to orient the book:

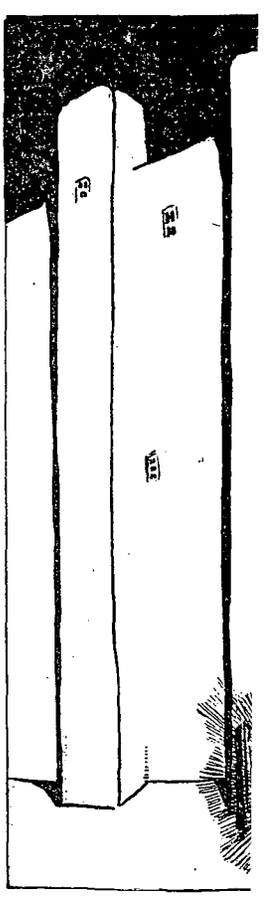
> As a matter of fact [he says] I am not trying to rewrite the Bible or interpret the Bible or give a modern version of the Bible. I am leaving the Bible most severely alone. The Holy Books have been translated with extreme competency by our Great Grandfathers. I have a profound respect for their labors. I shall not offend their sense of the ludicrous by a futile attempt to improve upon the King James version.
>
> Neither dare I confess to that profound theological knowledge which is necessary for a critical examination of the Old and the New Testaments. Those who expect to read a Bible written against a background of the latest archeological and philological discoveries will be disappointed. The book merely tells the story as I personally (and in a most uncontroversial fashion) would like to tell it to my own boys. Nothing more and nothing less.

And again in the body of the text:

> I am not, as I have so often said before, writing a new version of the Bible.
>
> I am merely giving you the general outline of a book which (especially in its early parts) is often somewhat too complicated for the readers of our own hurrying days.
>
> The gospels, however, are simple and direct and very short. Even the busiest of men can find leisure to read them. . . .
>
> If my little book can give you the desire to read the original, to study those wise parables, to comprehend the immense vision of this greatest of all teachers, I shall not have written in vain.
>
> And that is really all I am trying to do.



The Jewish army marches around the walls of Jericho



The Old and

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE, *by Hendrik Van Loon. Boni & Liveright. 452 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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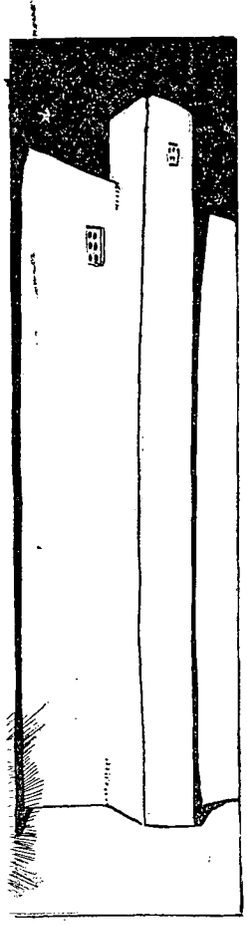
oduces the Bible

Joseph is proud of his new coat

Taking that statement at its face value, where does it leave Mr. Van Loon's book? If the Bible had been no more than the story of the Bible it would hardly have survived long enough for Mr. Van Loon to deal with it. Take out its poetry, its exhortation, its teaching, its exalted revery and bold prophesy, and what you have left is no doubt much easier to deal with, and much less embarrassing from either a theological or a literary viewpoint, but it is also much less powerful and beautiful than the Bible itself.

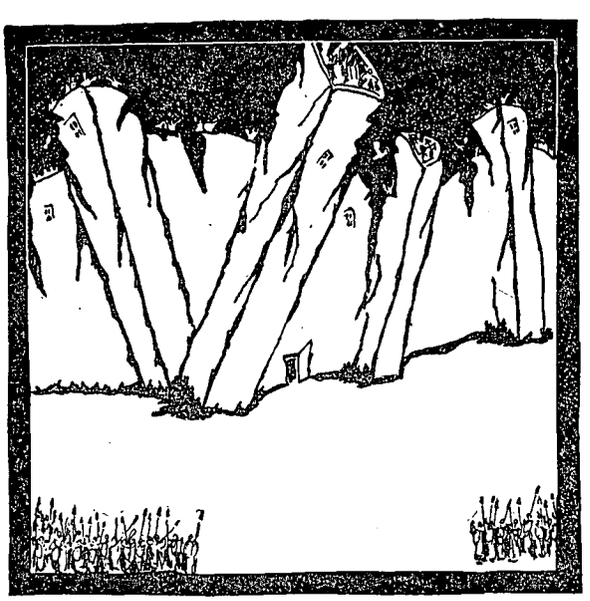
But the pagan child, when he opens the Van Loon story, will know nothing of these things and will therefore miss them not at all. Whether he will be incited to go and find them for himself, as a result of this reading, is a question to which all theoretical answers are irrelevant. Though the author says time and again that he must record the bickerings of the petty Jewish kings because they formed the background for the emergence of lofty religious ideals, he never seems quite successful in getting the lofty ideas to emerge. It is the bickerings that stick in the memory. Perhaps the pagan child will make the leap from Van Loon to Isaiah—but one doubts it. The book is more likely to send the adult reader back to the Bible in search of his associations. In either case, the contrast between Van Loon's even text and the Bible itself may throw into sharp relief the essential fire of the prophet. Certainly one who first approached the story of the nativity through these casual paragraphs would fall on Luke's narrative with surprise and delight. But as it stands, the Van Loon product is a little cold, a little lacking in both austerity and tenderness. It reads well, but none of it could by any possibility be chanted!



Testament

All of which is merely saying that this is not the Bible, and as the author has already been at pains to say so for himself a number of times, it is hardly necessary to dwell on it. What is the book? It is an orderly, readable, sometimes fascinating narrative which will not only give the supposititious child reader a coherent idea of the Jewish History but may set in order the tangled memories of more than one adult who has acquired scraps of biblical history much as the small boy collects stamps, and has never quite got them sorted out. Moreover the adventures of the persistently quarrelsome and intermittently high-minded race of ancient Jews give Mr. Van Loon opportunity for the colloquial good-humor, with occasional flashes of wit, which The Story of Mankind has already made familiar. The whole picture of these irresponsible tribes, seen in perspective against their contemporaries and their phantasy, is touched with irony.

Perhaps there is a bit too much continuity. The pace is brisk: there is little lingering on dramatic episodes. The reader finds himself worrying now and then over some colorful tale that seems less striking than it ought to be: will the pagan child really get the thrill of Gideon's crash of pitchers and flare of torches? Need the Queen of Sheba wander in and out of a single paragraph with no hint of her magnificence?



The walls of Jericho fall down

Mr. Van Loon has struck an ingenious compromise between criticism and story-telling: he neither accepts nor offends the conventions: he is familiar without sacrificing decorum. His New Testament drawings—which by and large are far less spirited and interesting than those for the earlier chapters—show Jesus with the halo, yet the text rationalizes or avoids the miracles: a deliberate inconsistency which neatly illustrates the deftness of Mr. Van Loon's middle course.

The book is too new, at this writing, to have been weighed in the scales to which the author consigns it. We shall hear ultimately from the pagan child. Meanwhile those who are neither wholly pagan nor wholly childlike will find it something short of brilliant, but soundly planned and firmly executed. Nobody but Mr. Van Loon would have measured himself against the impossible with just this engaging blend of robustness, sophistication, and simplicity. J. P.

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—That our State Department has pigeonholed reports which, if given out, would have made impossible the poisoning of the American public with lies fabricated by Russian *émigrés*?

—That the Russian Division of our State Department has become a nest of persons connected by birth, marriage, or fellowship with the Russian aristocracy?

—That the Yudenich drive on Petrograd was financed by selling the famished Esthonians at fancy prices food supplied by the American Relief Commission?

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("The Russian Soviet Republic" has just been published by the Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is the third volume of Professor Ross's trilogy on Russia. The first two volumes are "Russia in Upheaval" and the "Russian Bolshevik Revolution." Each is a full-sized octavo volume of between 300 and 400 pages, fully illustrated; and each is sold by booksellers or the publishers for $3.00)

THE RUN OF THE SHELVES

(*Continued from page* 191)

ment. It is doubtless this omission which prompted Dr. Cabot to report in the introduction that at least one apparently successful method described in the text would no longer be employed by the author. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that these authors may sometime review critically the steps that were taken in these cases. Meanwhile we may be glad that we have so vivid a picture of the dealings with each of these children.

PUBLICITY, *A Manual for the Use of Business, Civil or Social Service Organization, by R. H. Wilder and K. L. Buell. Ronald Press Co. 271 pp. Price $2.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

WHEN the reader interested in "social service organizations" has waded through the twaddle about German, Russian and variously "radical" propaganda which these authors use to point their moral and adorn their tale, he will find a reasonably complete compilation of the conventional technique of general and campaign publicity. There is little here that will not be familiar to experienced executives, and so far as social work is concerned the background is obviously that of the war relief campaign rather than that of the permanent constructive program. Social work is outgrowing some of the methods here expounded. But new "committees" are constantly emerging and old ones are constantly putting out clumsy publicity: if this book teaches some of them to be brief and intelligent in approaching the public it serves a useful purpose.

WHAT IS PROFESSIONAL SOCIAL WORK?, *by L. A. Halbert. Published by L. A. Halbert. Kansas City, Mo. 149 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE CHARITIES OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, *by Cyprian W. Emanuel. Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago. 337 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

EDUCATION AND TRAINING FOR SOCIAL WORK, *by James H. Tufts. Russell Sage Foundation. 240 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

RURAL CHILD WELFARE, *by the National Child Labor Committee under the direction of Edward N. Clopper. The Macmillan Co. 355 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

Communities, Civics, Recreation

SOCIAL IMPERATIVES, *by Craig S. Thoms. Judson Press, Philadelphia. 234 pp. Price $1.25 postpaid of The Survey.*

AS a minister, Mr. Thoms was known for his interest in social questions and his effort to bring Christian teaching to bear upon the every-day concerns of the average citizen. As professor of sociology at the University of South Dakota, he reverses the process and interprets social issues in the light of Christianity. While this little book stays rather on the surface of things in not analysing very deeply the moral problems involved in most of our current social issues, it brings to bear on them a sound ethical principle. It demands not only the acceptance of a spirit of service in all human relationships but that this spirit, to grow strong and permanent, must be part of a consistent religious faith. The separate chapters of the book deal with the awakening social consciousness, and the needs of religion, of socialized homes, of moral training in public schools, of socially minded universities, of Christianized business, of peace-time patriotism, of better-born children, of faith in social progress.

READER FOR NEW AMERICANS. *Book I and II, by John A. Long. American Book Co. 224 and 208 pp. Price $.68 each postpaid of The Survey.*

BETTER AMERICANS, *by Joyce C. Manuel. Missionary Education Movement. 114 pp. Price $.60 postpaid of The Survey.*

HOME AND COMMUNITY LIFE, *by Gertrude Hartman. E. P. Dutton & Co. 200 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR A NEW AMERICA, *by William MacDonald. B. W. Huebsch. 260 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

PROHIBITION INSIDE OUT, *by Roy A. Haynes. Doubleday, Page & Co. 308 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE HOSPITAL LIBRARY, *edited by Edith K. Jones. American Library Association, Chicago. 190 pp. Price $2.25 postpaid of The Survey.*

FOR A NEW AMERICA, *by Coe Hayne. Missionary Education Movement. 174 pp. Price cloth $.75, paper $.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

STORY PLAYS, *by Louise C. Wright. A. S. Barnes & Co. 127 pp. Price $1.60 postpaid of The Survey.*

PARTIES AND STUNTS AROUND THE YEAR, *by Era Betzner. Womans Press. 94 pp. Paper. Price $1.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER, *by Alfred G. Arvold. Macmillan Co. 236 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

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THE HEALTH OF THE RUNABOUT CHILD, *by William P. Lucas. Macmillan Co. 229 pp. Price* $1.75 *postpaid of The Survey.*

THE RUNABOUTS IN THE HOUSE OF HEALTH, *prepared by the American Child Health Association. American Child Health Association. Price* $.15 *postpaid of The Survey.*

IN the whirl of research, practise and organization which is cutting such imposing slices off the death rate of babies and young children, perhaps the most fundamental advance is the drift of the doctors themselves toward prevention, which, in the long run, means educating parents to know when their children are healthy and how to make and keep them so. A quarter century ago there were not half a dozen physicians in the country who practised pediatrics exclusively; there were no divisions of child hygiene in state or city health departments; no public health nurses, no baby welfare stations. Now hardly a season passes without the addition of half a dozen or more titles to the list of books in which child specialists summarize their own experience for the benefit of parents and teachers.

In a new and revised edition, the trilogy of manuals by Dr. S. Josephine Baker cover the pre-natal, infancy and pre-school periods with unusual simplicity and directness. It is unfortunate that there is no index to make their contents more readily accessible. The volume which Dr. Morse and his associates sponsor is somewhat more formal in manner, and intricate and conservative in its directions. Moreover the parents who cannot but respect the professional experience of its authors in feeding formulae may be privileged to question their dicta on child training with the insistence on instant unquestioning obedience, or the three pages on education which dispose of the modern play school movement with the rather anomalous conclusion that "We have no sympathy with those schools which allow the child to do as it pleases and to choose for itself what it will study . . . We are old fashioned enough to believe that children should be made to work, to obey, and to respect authority."

Health in its broadest aspect of harmonious physical and mental development is the theme of The Health of the Runabout Child. Once past the sugar-coating apparently designed to make it easier for parents to swallow (there is a double table of contents, in scientific terms for doctors or nurses, and in sweet phrases for parents) the reader will find special interest in the chapters relating some of the findings of psychological research and the newer psychological principles to the play, education, and emotional development of little children, with a series of tables detailed on normal development.

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A MODERN COLLEGE AND A MODERN SCHOOL, *by Abraham Flexner. Doubleday, Page & Co. 142 pp. Price $1.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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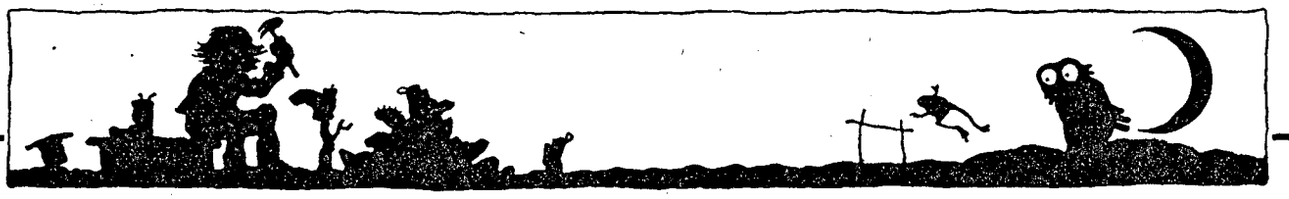

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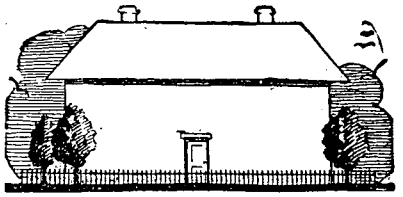

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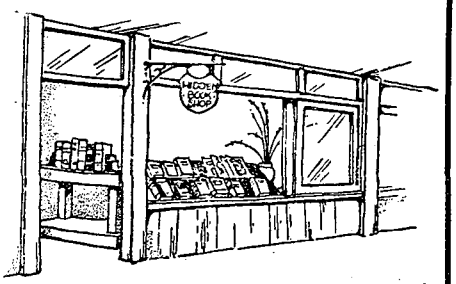

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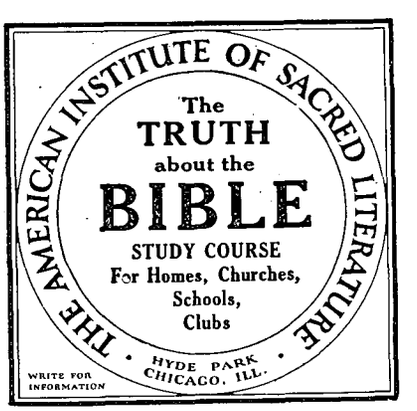

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